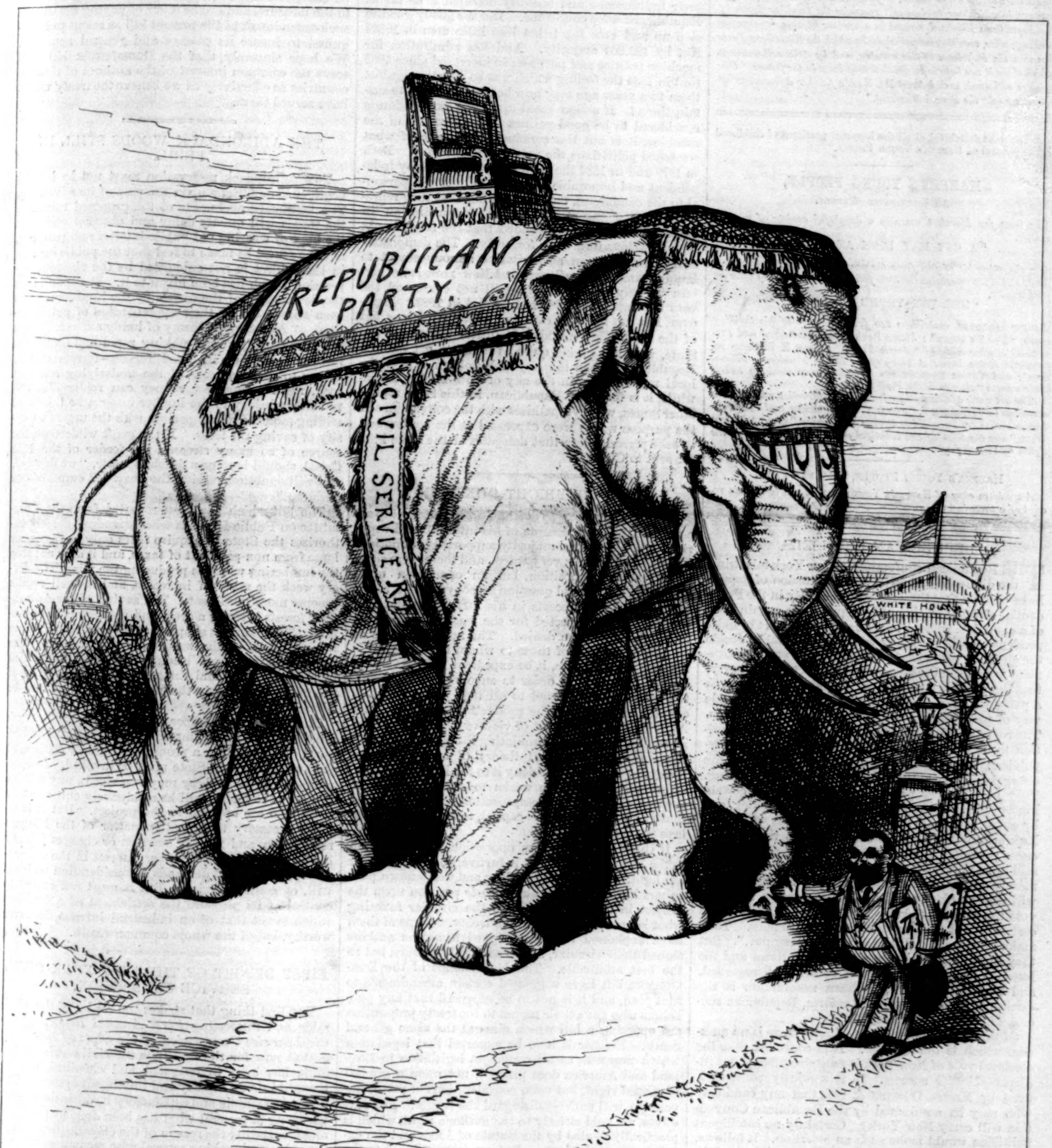
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 1420.
Copyright, 1884, by Harper & Brothers.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1884.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.


REPUBLICAN PARTY.
CIVIL SERVICE R
WHITE HOUSE

THE SACRED ELEPHANT.

THIS ANIMAL IS SURE TO WIN, IF IT IS ONLY KEPT PURE AND CLEAN, AND HAS *NOT TOO HEAVY A LOAD TO CARRY.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
New York, Saturday, March 8, 1884.

THOMAS NAST.

The readers of Harper's Weekly *will extend a cordial welcome to* Mr. Thomas Nast *on his return to his old field of labor. They will be glad to learn that his sojourn in Europe, and his subsequent visit to the genial shores of Florida, have resulted in the complete restoration of his health, and that he re-enters the arena with renewed energy and zeal.*

It is significant that Mr. Nast's *first contribution to the* Weekly *on resuming his pencil should be in the cause of charity—an appeal to the hearts of his countrymen on behalf of the sufferers by the great floods and storms which have devastated the West and South. This admirable and touching picture, which must appeal forcibly to the sympathies of the whole people, is followed this week by a political cartoon, in which our readers will recognize the familiar figure of the Republican Elephant, treated in a manner at once retrospective and suggestive, recalling the principles by which the Republican Party has won the confidence of the country, and by strict adherence to which alone it can hope to retain that confidence in the future. Our readers will await with interest* Mr. Nast's *further delineations of the career of "the Sacred Elephant."*

"The most delightful of all the innocent pastimes of childhood is the perusal of Harper's Young People."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,
An Illustrated Weekly.

The issue for March 4 contains a delightful variety of reading matter.

"A CAT MAY LOOK AT A KING,"

is a charming bit of fun from the pen of Edward I. Stevenson; Lucy C. Lillie *entertains the little folk with an account of their pet and wonder,*

"MRS. TOM THUMB AT HOME";

Ernest Ingersoll *contributes two fresh chapters of his thrilling story, "The Ice Queen"*; James Payn *adds to his "Peril and Privation" another story of "Arctic Travel"*; Eben E. Rexford *relates "A Brave Deed: A Story of the Indian Troubles in Minnesota"; and* Victor Smedley *sets little fingers to work by telling their owners "How to Make Plaster Casts."*

The art work of this number is especially attractive, and includes drawings by Frederick S. Church, T. de Thulstrup, *and other well-known artists. "They told us Spring was Coming," and* "A March Wind," *are the titles of two beautiful engravings which adorn the eighth and ninth pages.*

Harper's Young People, $1 50 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

REPUBLICAN COUNSELS.

THE Republican conference in New York following the dinner in Brooklyn is an expression of Republican opinion that the success of the party in the Presidential election of this year requires the nomination of a candidate who will command the support of independent voters, since they will unquestionably decide the election. The usual comment upon such a movement is that the President must be elected by a party, that the party is duly organized, that there can not be a party within a party, and that the only practicable way of proceeding is to follow ordinary party usage. The reply to this comment is that there is no proposition to depart from ordinary party usage. The Republicans who were represented at the conference are doing precisely what Messrs. O'Brien & Co. are doing. They have a very positive preference for a certain kind of candidate and for a certain party policy, and by every honorable means as Republicans within the Republican party they intend to make their preferences prevail. Messrs. O'Brien & Co. say, as they said in 1879 and in 1882, that the other Republicans are merely goody-goodies and canting soreheads, who will sniff and kick until election day comes, and then vote the straight ticket. The other Republicans are certainly not discomposed by hard names. They make no threats. They are wholly "regular." But they say plainly that the signs of the times and the lessons of experience can not be safely disregarded, and that unless the Republican nomination is the earnest of honest progress in reform, Republican success will be very doubtful.

Of these two Republican positions there is no question which is the sounder. It is conceded that the electoral vote of New York is most desirable, if not indispensable for success. Is it seriously contended, even by Messrs. O'Brien & Co., that any candidate who may be nominated by the Republican Convention will carry New York? Certainly no intelligent politician would make such an assertion. It follows, then, that there is some doubt; that a candidate might be nominated who would not command all the vote which is necessary to secure New York. The question, therefore, at once arises, what kind of candidate would be the most promising? Obviously the candidate who would provoke the least opposition, and who would unite the largest vote. This, however, could not be affirmed of any candidate who would necessarily alienate any considerable body of voters. Now it is perfectly clear that any candidate for whom the old familiar machine, of which Mr. O'Brien and his friends are such eminent members, should declare, would for that very reason repel a powerful and influential multitude of Republican and independent voters. And why? Because those Republicans and independents believe that the machine and its methods have betrayed the party heretofore by covering it with discredit, and so depriving it of support, and they would naturally suppose that any candidate whom the machine urges is a candidate friendly to the machine and its methods. Is that the way of success in a close election?

The friends of the machine would doubtless fall back upon their confidence that this would not be a practical difficulty if the nomination were once made. That is their constant and profound mistake. Such a view is in general true of the Democratic party, but not of the Republican. Did the goody-goodies acquiesce in 1879 at the State election? On the contrary, they did not support the head of the ticket, and their indifference and hostility defeated it so far as Republicans were concerned. Did the goody-goodies step up and vote the ticket like little men in 1882? Not by 192,000 majority. And has admiration for machine politics and purposes so increased since 1882 that in 1884 the feeling which was so effective against them two years ago may now be counted upon to sustain them? If action based upon this expectation is considered to be good politics in the councils of the machine, it is but the conclusive evidence of what wretched politicians the machine leaders are. Both in 1879 and in 1882 the blow that was struck by independent and honorable Republicans was not personal to the candidates, but to the thing that they represented. The recent impressive demonstration in Brooklyn and New York shows that the thing is not less obnoxious now than formerly. The demonstration is in effect an authoritative announcement to Republicans in other States that New York is not certain for any candidate who will not command the vote that was withheld in 1879 and in 1882. Moreover, it is not the declaration of parlor politicians, but of the most efficient body of political workers in the State, who have done quite as much to get out the Republican vote in the city of Brooklyn as ever the local machine did in the city of New York. Meanwhile, it is for every Republican, in this State and in other States, who sympathizes with the conviction and the purpose which were expressed at the conference, to take personal care that delegates of the same kind are sent to Chicago.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

Mr. Dorsheimer was defeated in his attempt to set a day for the consideration of his international copyright bill, although a majority supported the motion. The brief debate was very warm, and there were signs of a resolute opposition, but an opposition upon grounds which would question all copyright—a result which Mr. Lea forecasts in his little pamphlet. If the bill is to be rejected for the reasons alleged, all copyright should be denied. The natural public of an author consists of those to whom his language is native. If, therefore, it be expedient to grant him a limited copyright in order to encourage production, the grant should extend to all that public which is equally interested in the production. England and America, from the point of view of expediency, have a common interest in stimulating literary production. Upon the constitutional theory of copyright as a bounty to the author, to deny it to the English author, in order to supply his works to American readers cheaply and without compensation to him, is, upon that theory, to spend the capital, to kill the bird that lays the egg.

If there be a publishers' opposition in Washington to the Dorsheimer bill, it is furtive, and seems to fear the light. Many of the leading and well-known publishers have already declared their position upon the subject in their signatures to the circular favoring what is known as the Harper treaty. Some of them have explained that they signed it, as the authors signed their circular, not as an ideal measure, but as the best attainable. The best friends of the Dorsheimer bill have suggested certain amendments to that plan, and it is not to be supposed that any publishers who gave their names to the treaty proposition are opposing a bill which aims at the same general result. Neither is it to be expected that legislation which proceeds, as all copyright legislation in England and America does proceed, not upon a ground of special right, but upon considerations of public advantage, will entirely disregard the reader. For ourselves, we hold strictly to the author's right, which is practically denied by the statute of Anne and the existing copyright laws. But we are not blind to the fact of that denial, and to the further fact that it makes the copyright question practically one of policy.

We trust, then, that any such opposition as that intimated to exist to the Dorsheimer bill may be baffled, and that, with suitable amendments, it may be passed, to the credit of its author, and to the joint benefit of English writers and American readers. But it seems to us that the result of the debate will show a treaty to be as available a form of pressing the matter as a bill, and that no measure has been presented more careful or practical, nor any that is better adapted to the protection of foreign authors, than the Harper treaty. It was substantially approved by the British Government, as any one may learn who will take the trouble to refer to Lord Granville's letter on the subject, addressed to Mr. Lowell in March, 1881. Lord Granville, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, wrote that if the United States considered that it would be desirable that the books of English authors should be manufactured in America, her Majesty's Government would agree to a stipulation to that end. Mr. Dorsheimer is perhaps not aware that such a concession, together with the provision of six months as the period within which publication should be made, formed an essential part of the treaty which the English Government instructed its present Minister to the United States to negotiate. It would be well if Mr. Dorsheimer's opponents were equally to bear this fact in mind. It might have the effect on the one hand of mitigating the existing hostility to the measure, and on the other of paving the way to such amendment of the present bill as seems to be required to insure its passage and general approval. We hope sincerely that the Dorsheimer bill will serve the common interest of the authors of the two countries as effectively as we believe the treaty would have served them.

THE ADIRONDACK WOODS STILL IN PERIL.

The Adirondack reservation must not be lost by negligence or fatigue upon the part of its advocates. The legislative opponents of the proposed rescue of the woods will quietly delay and obstruct action in the hope of wearing out public interest and patience, and they must be made to feel that the public interest in the subject is not exhausted by the vigorous expression which has been given to it. It appears that the devastation of the forests by the lumbermen has been stimulated by their apprehension of public action. "An enormous army of hardy axe-men," says Mr. Merriam, "is now making rapid and disastrous inroads upon our ill-fated forests—forests which, owing to the character of the underlying soil and rock, neither time nor money can replace." The pecuniary injury to the lumber interest he thinks of trifling moment in comparison with the urgent necessity of saving the trees. If the great wilderness, the source of so many streams, the feeder of the Erie Canal, should become a desolate waste, "we deserve, and will doubtless receive, the heart-felt curses of our children."

The bill which has been reported from the Committee on Public Lands is wholly inadequate. It authorizes the State to acquire titles only as they may lapse from non-payment of taxes, and it does not stop the lumbering which is producing the mischief. Every week the mischief increases, and the evil results become more imminent. The saving of the Adirondack forests is really a great and pressing public question. The reason is simple and obvious, that they are the reservoirs of the waterways of the State. The necessity is plain. Without delay their destruction must be arrested, and the method which will most promptly arrest it is the method which should be adopted.

The bill of the Chamber of Commerce provides such a method, and for an immediate investigation and report. Doubtless for a prompt and proper settlement the authority of the State must be invoked. The apprehension that jobbery may run riot in any scheme to secure the forests will be assiduously cultivated by those who are opposed to the project. But it is no more necessary than in the matter of the Niagara reservation, and nobody suspects or charges jobbery in that scheme. The lumber interest in the Adirondacks is large, and demands a consideration which it will, of course, receive. But it must not expect to control at its pleasure the settlement of a question which is not that of an industrial interest, however worthy, but of the whole commonwealth.

FIRST REPORT OF THE NEW YORK CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

The first thing that strikes the reader of the admirable and interesting *First Annual Report of the Civil Service Commission of the State of New York* is that now for the first time the civil service of the State has been investigated and classified, and so brought into an orderly and intelligent system. The report is a simple and satisfactory business document, narrating in general what has been done by the Commission, stating the reason of the classification and of the rules, and making several wise recommendations. The Commission very properly decided, upon the completion of the classification, to open as large a part of the service as practicable to general competition, and the line which they have drawn seems to us well chosen. Thus with certain clerical positions they have included certain places in the canal service which require similar clerkly qualifications, and to these have been added, among others, guards in prisons and teachers in reformatories and asylums.

Of course such a position as that of guard in a prison requires physical and moral qualities rather than attainments in education. But it is a great mistake to suppose that therefore there may not be a better selection made by an honest comparison of applicants than by the mere personal favor of a political officer. Ample guarantees of character, temper, and temperament, a severe physical examination, and a light educational test, with the subsequent probation, offer a test by which the fittest men are much surer to be selected than under the old system, and as the keepers are selected from the guards, there is great inducement for worthy men to apply. For positions demanding professional or scientific attainments, mechanical skill, or executive capacity, competition is open to some objection. The best men, for instance, will not be apt to compete when failure, however unjustly, may seem to imply professional incompetency. With sound discretion, therefore, the Commission leave to the appointing officer a choice of methods for filling such places, whether by competition, limited competition, or non-competition. But in every case appointment can only follow a certificate of qualification from the Commission. The power of promotion is vested in the head of an office, and full records of efficiency and conduct are kept, and are accessible to the Commission.

We have mentioned these details as an illustration of the practical common-sense of the Commission, and of the general scheme which they have adopted. The reader sees at once from their report that they are not theoretical and visionary pedants, but sagacious men of affairs, who, with the Governor, thoroughly understand the nature of the work committed to them. The report points out the close and happy relation of the free schools to the reformed system of the public service; and to the repeated and utterly pointless sneer that it is a scheme to fill the service with college graduates and decayed clergymen, the report opposes the conclusive statistics of the New York Custom-house examinations, which show that sixty per cent. of successful applicants were educated in the public schools, thirty-three per cent. in academies, and six and one-half per cent. in colleges. The recommendations of the Commission for making the reformed system mandatory in cities, and for extending its scope in the municipal service, and for selecting examiners in the State from persons not in the public service, have been urged by the Governor in a message, and bills have been accordingly introduced in the Legislature. If the action of the Republican Legislature upon the subject shall be guided by Mr. Littlejohn's theory that the reformed system and not the spoils system is a humbug and a fraud, it will do very little to help the election of a Republican President. Despite the prejudices of old politicians, there is no question upon which a clear affirmative and progressive attitude is more essential to Republican success than Civil Service Reform.

COPYRIGHT IN NEWS.

The purpose of Mr. Watterson's proposition to copyright news for a short time is fair enough as he states it—that collected news, the product of skilled labor and outlay, shall be exclusive for twenty-four hours to those who pay for it. If Mr. Lounsbury's view of copyright be correct, that it extends merely to the literary form, there would be no difficulty in the way. But the essential value in news lies in the fact and not in the form, and the moment that it is published, in whatever form, the fact becomes the property of the public.

The *Herald* cites the precedent of the Stock and Gold Company, which acquired the exclusive right to use for a specified time certain financial news gathered in Europe and cabled to New York, where it was distributed to the company's customers. As soon as the reports appeared upon the authorized bulletins and tapes they were copied by the Manhattan Company. The Supreme Court enjoined the company on the ground that there was a common-law property in the news, and that there had not been such a publication as made the news public property.

But the simultaneous publication in newspapers in all parts of the country of certain pieces of news would be a publication which makes them public property, and it would be difficult, under the copyright laws, to prevent telegraphing the substance, not the form, of such news the moment that it appeared. Mr. Lounsbury shows that it is not the ideas and facts, but the form alone which is copyrighted. Historians, for instance, use the same material and deal with the same facts, yet Bancroft and Hildreth and Bryant, all the writers who tell our story, each enjoys a separate copyright. News as published is a description of certain events. Can anything but the description be copyrighted?

AN UNEXPECTED REVOLT.

The insurrection in the Republican County Committee simultaneously with the independent Republican conference is a very amusing and significant incident. Gentlemen who have hitherto found no difficulty in working with Mr. O'Brien are now actually talking of reform, and declaring that Mr. O'Brien's "methods" endanger party success! The Brooklyn dinner and the independent conference did no more, and the revolt in the committee is the proof that they spoke only the truth.

The most cogent argument against Mr. O'Brien seemed to be that if he were made an official representative of the party, many Republicans who have hitherto liberally aided the cause with money would decline to contribute farther. What is that but saying that dissatisfaction with the old machine methods has become general, and that the honest sentiment of the party can no longer be safely defied?

That the opponents of Mr. O'Brien in the committee may be really unchanged in their opinion, and that they regret the necessity of trying to throw him overboard, may be very true. But none the less their action shows their conviction that something must be done, and their consciousness that an army which shoots its leaders when they try to betray it is not an army to be trifled with.

THE HESSIANS IN THE REVOLUTION.

Under this title Mr. Edward J. Lowell has written in the most attractive manner a chapter of American history which is practically new, but which is full of interest. The German mercenaries, as they were unfairly called—for it was not the soldiers but their princes and rulers who were mercenary—aided the British effort to subdue the colonies, as the French aided the colonists to resist.

Mr. Lowell has consulted the copious German authorities, which are not familiar except to a few students, but which contain all the necessary details, and he has given the clearest account of the chief movements in which the foreigners were concerned. Of these the most important was Burgoyne's expedition, and Mr. Lowell gives to the story a vivid interest and charm.

A striking part of his book is the glimpse of the petty German courts whose masters sold their soldiers to the British government. These masters were wretched little tyrants, at once inhuman and contemptible, and although Mr. Lowell does not devote much space to them, it is enough to make every reader grateful that the wars of Napoleon put an end to the miserable system of petty sovereignties. The book is not large, and it is a notable addition to our best historical studies.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

The meeting to sustain the high license bill of Mr. Roosevelt, like the previous one in favor of the bill to abolish the appointing power of the Aldermen, was a very significant indication of public opinion. It confirms what we have said of the promise of the movement. The argument that license is a recognition and regulation of vice, and therefore that there must be absolute prohibition or nothing, is one which it is easy to understand, but which it is needless to answer.

Legislation must always have strict regard to experience and to public opinion, for the vitality of laws is in public approval. There is really little question of that approval both of the high license bill and of the abolition of the Aldermen's veto upon appointments. The opposition to the latter is that of a body of politicians who live by patronage. They can command a large number of votes, but they are votes which represent obedience, not intelligence nor actual opinion.

The opposition to the high license bill is much of the same kind, except so far as it includes the absolute prohibitionists. The support of the bill comes from the great body of temperance people—a body composed of the moral intelligence of the community. The bill is supported by total abstinents, and by those who are not total abstinents. That is a test which is not asked. The object is to regulate the traffic in intoxicating drinks by the most practicable and effective means, as they have been proved by actual trials, and it would be unfortunate if the bill should be defeated by those who, while earnestly desiring to stay the ravages of intemperance, allow no distinction between moderation and excess.

TENNYSON AT HOME.

The picture of Tennyson in his library, upon another page of the Weekly, is very interesting. The poet is seated in a spacious library with a broad window, through which is seen a wide stretch of that English landscape which he has so often and so vividly described in lines which give to it a fresher charm. The room has an air of elegance which especially befits the poet, and his familiar face is raised with that intent and severely grave expression which recalls the Elizabethan Englishmen who look at us from the quaint ruff of Raleigh or Walsingham.

Tennyson is now the most eminent figure in English literature, and he has written his name ineffaceably among the great English poets. His tone is as distinctively that of his time as Byron's or Milton's or the dramatists'. His verse truly mirrors his age both in the subtlety and humanity of the thought and the exquisiteness of the form, and it has given the key-note to the characteristic poetic expression of his generation. How rich it is without turgidity! how warm without sensuality! Wordsworth is not purer than Tennyson, and whose melodious cadences are so enchanting?

That he should choose to be a peer as well as a poet need not trouble any lover of his poetry. The man for all time is in his verse, and that man is not changed under the robes of a nobleman. The room which is represented in this picture, like the old hall in Sidney's Pennshurst, will be a shrine of pilgrimage so long as it endures. For nearly sixty years the man who is seen sitting there has been singing to his countrymen and to the English race. And for what ennobling strains, for what generous and lofty impulses, are they not indebted to Alfred Tennyson!

PERSONAL.

Dr. W. A. Hammond is about to build a fifty-thousand-dollar house in Washington, D. C. The design will be Moorish, and the four walls will inclose a court-yard, tiled and glass-roofed, fifty feet square. He considers Washington the most eligible place of residence on the continent for a professional man of independent means, especially because of the constant presence of army and navy officers, and other agreeable gentlemen outside of the plutocracy.

—Mr. Brander Matthews, author of the successful comedy *Marjory's Lovers*, now playing in London, has the distinction of being accused of having plagiarized the plot and dialogue from a play which he never saw or heard of, which nobody in this country knows anything about, and which now turns out to have been written several years later than Mr. Matthews's play. But every successful dramatic author is sooner or later accused of plagiarism.

—The new editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Mr. Andrew McLean, is a luminous example of the successful application of the principles of civil service reform. Ten years ago he was a reporter for the newspaper of which he has become editor-in-chief. His honorable promotion was won by capacity for the business of journalism and by tireless fidelity, and we expect to see the *Eagle* more prosperous than ever.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson to Thomas Carlyle, 1839: "My wife and my blessed sister, dear Elizabeth Hoar—betrothed in better times to my brother Charles—my wife and this lovely nun do say that Mrs. Carlyle must come hither also; that it will make her strong, and strengthen her days on the earth, and cheer theirs also. Come, and make a home with me, and let us make a truth that is better than dreams. From this farm-house of mine you shall sally forth as God shall invite you, and 'lecture in the great cities.' You shall do it by proclamation of your own, or by the mediation of a committee, which will readily be found. Wife, mother, and sister shall nurse thy wife meantime, and you shall bring your republican laurels home so fast that she shall not sigh for the Old England. Eyes here do sparkle at the very thought. And my little placid Musketaquid River looked gayer to-day in the sun."

—It having been proposed to establish a new bishopric in England, the Bishop of Worcester expresses his opinion that the money might be better spent. It takes a good deal of cash, he says, to establish a bishopric, and in view of the small salaries received by many of the clergy, particularly in the agricultural districts, he thinks the money might be devoted to "a more useful purpose."

—The most conspicuous wreath on the coffin of the late Professor Arnold Guyot was the one sent by the widow of the late Professor Agassiz in memory of the mutual friendship of the two great physicists.

—The post of consul at Algiers in the early days of the present century was not much coveted. The English consul in that city was often imprisoned and nearly starved, and his family turned into the street. Once he wrote home that he was in danger of being burned to death, although "I fancy I am too lean to be roasted." On another occasion he was actually cut to pieces before the Dey.

—Professor W. W. Goodwin, director of the American school at Athens, wants those who are to be teachers of Greek in our colleges to spend eight months in Greece in the study of Greece herself—her temples, the secret of her architecture, her battle-fields, and the sites of her famous cities—to live under the shadow of the dark Acropolis, in daily view of the stately Parthenon, and to speak modern Greek, "which differs less from the Greek of Xenophon, as regards the forms of the words, than that does from the Greek of Herodotus."

—From the London *Standard*: "The instincts of the Queen were not at fault, but rightly and wisely inspired her, when they led her to believe that *More Leaves from a Journal in the Highlands* would be welcomed by her people, and would serve to strengthen the bond of affection and loyalty which her private virtues, her scrupulous observance of her duty as a constitutional sovereign, and her domestic sorrows had already woven between her and them."

—"I have no objection," writes a lady traveller, "to card-playing by those who can afford it, and in private, but to turn railway carriages into card-rooms is unfair to the travelling public generally, and must bring a great amount of misery on those with small incomes who indulge in the fascinating but fatal game of playing for money. I am sure many a hard-working little wife will heartily indorse my wish that gaming in railway carriages was illegal, and will say that it is cruel for any man who can afford to lose to play with a man who can not afford to lose, and whose losses fall most heavily on the wife and little ones at home."

—Referring to the death of Mr. Thomas Chenery, the London *Times* remarks that the editor of a great journal must move and work in whatever concerns mankind for the moment, from a war to a whim, from a passing fancy or transient fashion to the greatest secular movements of humanity, from a great crime to a great catastrophe; the tragedy of life and its comedy, the victories of science and the achievements of literature, the vicissitudes of circumstances and the inexorable harvest of death—these, and much more than these, are threads in the web of which an editor's life is woven, and belong as much to his personal life as to the general history of his time.

—Mr. John Bright has been reminding his political friends that in war the working-man provides the most of the blood that is shed, and that upon him chiefly fall the poverty and misery which war occasions by the increase of taxes and the damage to industry. "Household suffrage in boroughs and counties will provide the means by which our people may defend themselves against these enormous evils."

—A noted authority on whist has been computing the value of skill to players of that game. From experiments made by matching two very skillful against two very unskillful players, and then reversing the hands and playing them over again (taking precautions to exclude playing the second time from memory), he arrives at the conclusion that, under the most favorable circumstances, power over results at whist may amount to nearly one point per rubber. But he adds that at whist clubs, where the great majority of players adhere to system, and where the personal skill of the players is above the average, the expectation on a rubber is very much less.

—Some private letters of the late M. Rouher, the friend and confidant of Napoleon III., are not flattering in their estimate of Prince Napoleon. The proper thing for him to do at the funeral of the Prince Imperial, according to M. Rouher, was to show himself on the steps of the church, with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor on his breast, and thus to elicit cries of "Vive l'Empereur," even though he thereby incurred the penalty of immediate exile.

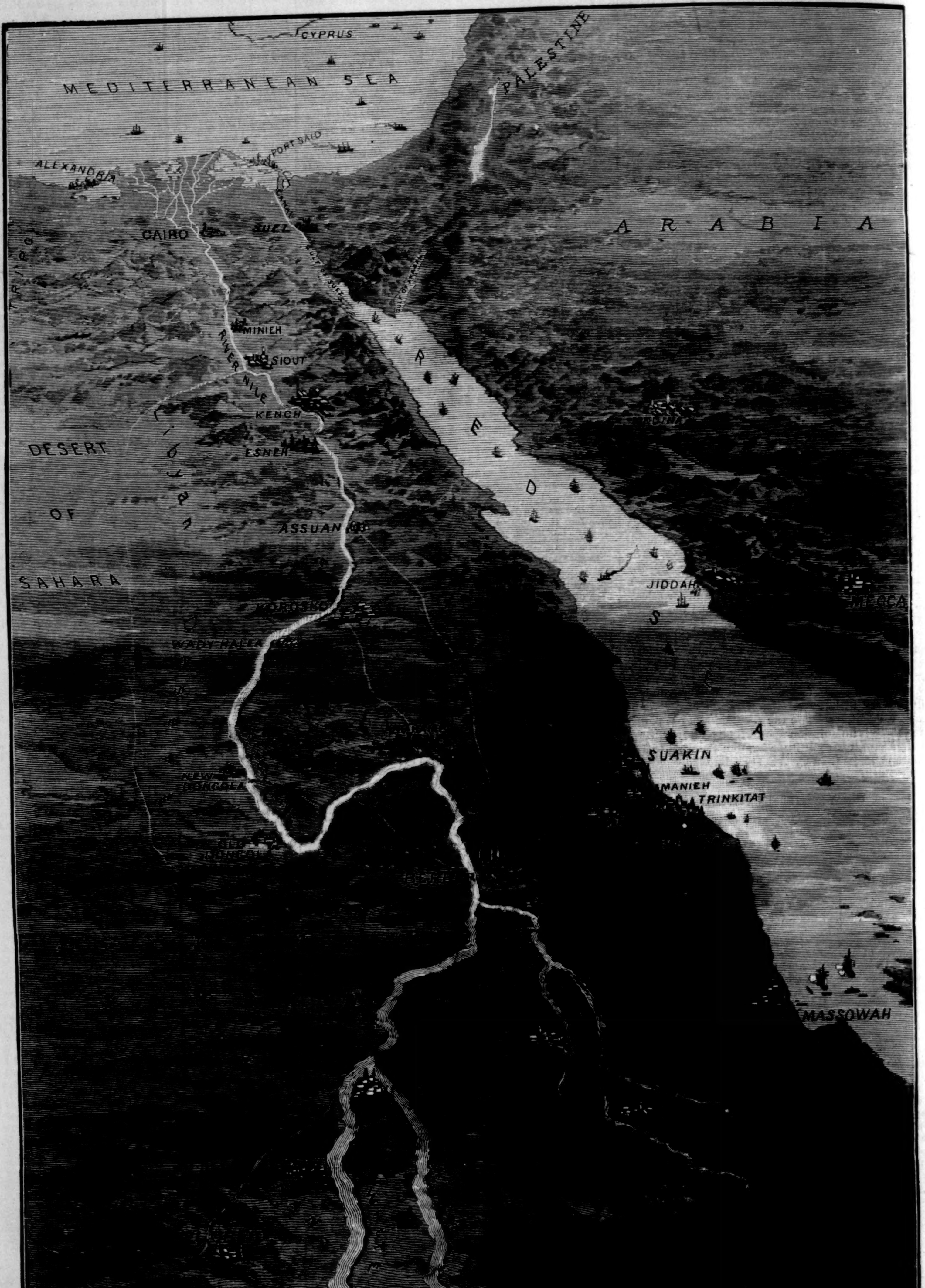
—The government cigar factory at Seville, Spain, is seven hundred feet long, and gives employment to 3500 women, 3000 of whom are in a single room, packed like sardines, and accompanied in some instances by babies not a month old, whose wailing in the stifling atmosphere interrupts the buzz of conversation. The women receive fifty cents for a day's work of twelve hours, and their demeanor is not highly spoken of.

—An extraordinary action for libel was tried recently at Lincoln, England. Captain Charles Brook, having lost his young wife, caused the following lines to be inscribed on a black-edged memorial card for circulation among his friends:

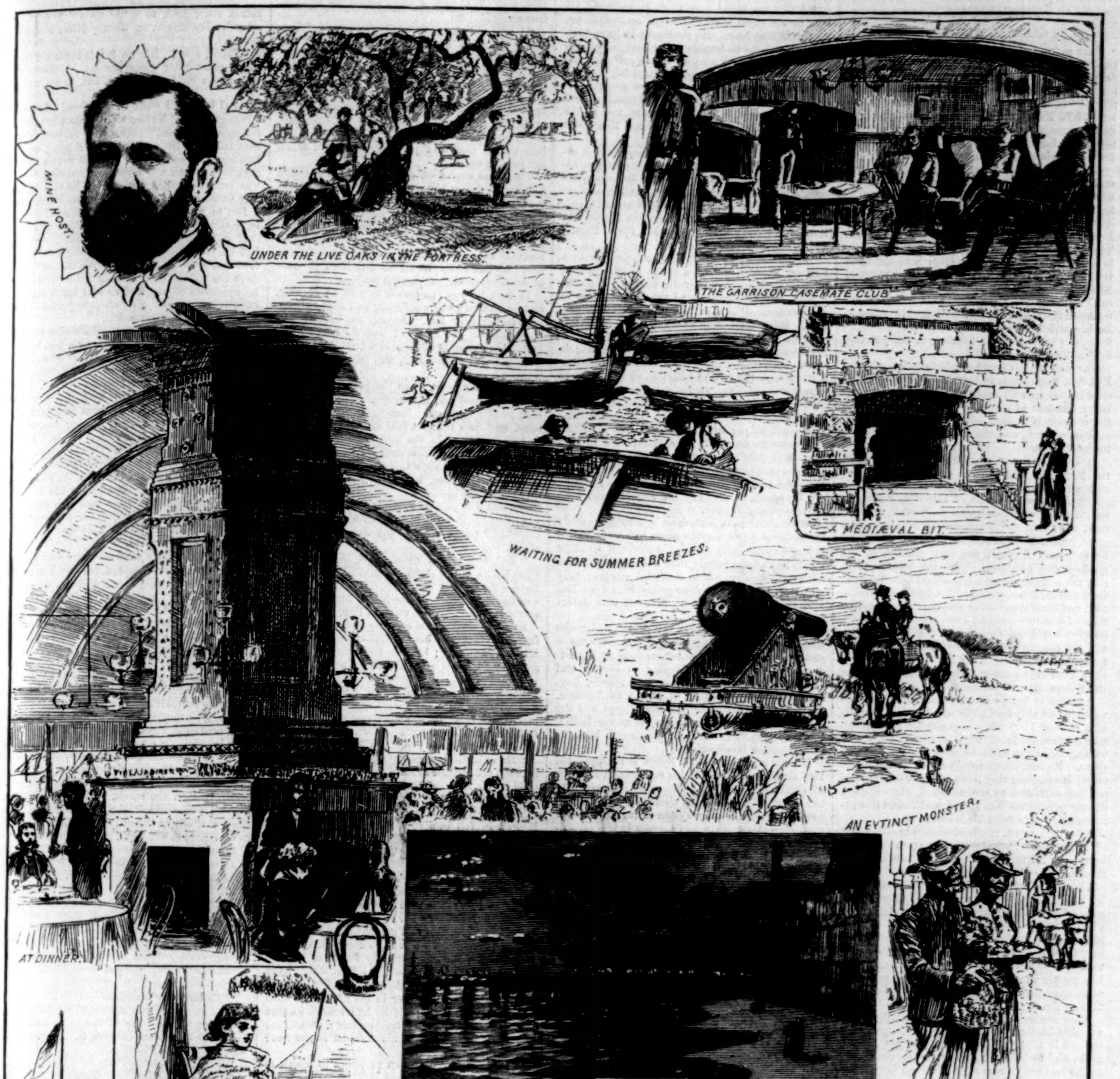
> "Farewell, dear husband and baby dear;
> I loved you faithful to the last;
> Cruel my mother has been to me,
> Which caused my days so short with thee.
> May the Lord have mercy on her soul,
> And change her wicked heart!"

The captain was sentenced by the court to pay one hundred dollars and costs for promulgating this opinion of his mother-in-law.

—Even the best domestic servants of to-day (observes a current essayist) are like shrubs in nursery-gardens that are "shifted" periodically. They make little fibrous roots, but no tap-root. They feel, after a time, that they have exhausted the interest and the opportunities of the place they are in. Anxious to see a little more of life, they give notice with a heart made perfectly light by the consciousness that they will easily find another place at least equally pleasant, and promising for a time the charm of novelty.


CYPRUS
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
PALESTINE
PORT SAID
ALEXANDRIA
CAIRO
SUEZ
CANAL
GULF OF SUEZ
GULF OF AKABAH
ARABIA
TRIPOLI
MINIEH
SIOUT
RIVER NILE
KENCH
ESNEH
Libyan
DESERT
OF
SAHARA
ASSUAN
KOROSKO
WADY HALFA
RED SEA
JIDDAH
MECCA
SUAKIN
TANIEH
TRINKITAT
NEW DONGOLA
OLD DONGOLA
BERBER
MASSOWAH

BIRD'S-EYE MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—[See Page 154.]


MINE HOST.
UNDER THE LIVE OAKS IN THE FORTRESS.
THE GARRISON CASEMATE CLUB
WAITING FOR SUMMER BREEZES.
A MEDIÆVAL BIT.
AN EXTINCT MONSTER.
AT DINNER.
A FEBRUARY MOON.
SPRING FLOWERS AND VIRGINIA CREEPER.
UNDER GLASS.
GLIMPSE FROM A WINDOW.
THE ROADS.
THE ARTILLERY UNDER FIRE.
IN THE AIR.
W. L. Sheppard delt.

WINTER SANITARIUMS—OLD POINT COMFORT.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 159.]

THE SOUDAN.

By GENERAL W. W. LORING.

That portion of Africa which lies between Korosko on the Nile, in latitude 22½° N., and Gondokoro, a military station on the White Nile, 1400 miles above Khartoom, 5° N., and between 20° and 45° E. longitude, the theatre of the "rebellion" of El Mahdi, is known in Egypt as the Soudan, although the name has been commonly applied to a larger region since the annexation of the Equatorial Basin by Ismail Pasha.

Separated from Lower Egypt by vast deserts and arid plains, now that military operations are occurring, it is well to notice the manner of reaching it. The route on the west is up the Nile from Assouan, around the great bend which borders Dongola to Abou-Hamed, Berber, and Khartoom. This route is not much used. The middle route is up the Nile to Korosko; from here the most frightful journey commences across the desert of Nubia, with but one watering-place (bitter and salt), a distance of 300 miles, by means of camels, to Abou-Hamed, then up the Nile 143 miles to Berber, and 200 from Berber by steamer to Khartoom, the capital of the Soudan, at the junction of the White and Blue Nile.

The most expeditious route is from Suez by the Red Sea, three days, to Suakin, twelve to fifteen days across an arid road, with few wells, to Berber, a distance of 300 miles. Another road into the interior is from Suakin to Cassalla, a large military station, and the second important town in the Soudan.

It is upon the great rivers, the White Nile, the Blue Nile, and Atbara, and their numerous and wide-spreading branches, that are found great numbers of deltas of the richest alluvial soil, the larger portion made productive by copious rains; that which approaches Khartoom, the great centre of trade and commerce, is cultivated by irrigation through the slow process of the *shadoof* and *assékiah*. With the least cultivation the soil everywhere is productive in the date-tree, cotton, doora (sorghum), wheat, sugar-cane, flax, and numerous native plants. The provinces which lie in this zone, and are populous and productive, are Kordofan, Sennaar, Dongola, Taka, and the country of Meroe and Berber, extending to Boghos and Gallibat on the frontier of Abyssinia, Darfour on the west, and the vast region of the Bahr-el-Ghazall on the south.

Anxious to bridge the deserts, and utilize this vast area of rich lands, the late Khedive projected a road of 1100 miles to penetrate into its immense resources, and, while cultivating the soil, to humanize the millions who live in idleness there. He had constructed over 200 miles of his road; it was then that this and many other grand projects of Ismail were abandoned, when English reform penetrated into Egypt, and forced this extraordinary man from his throne.

Since this event, England dictating the policy of Egypt, there has been only ruin, from the burning of Alexandria to the abandonment of the Soudan.

Those who believe in the right think that England, since her policy has always looked to the possession of Egypt, now that she is safely planted on the lower Nile, ought certainly to have had the magnanimity, while administering the one, to have thrown the broad ægis of her protecting power over the poor, miserable, and helpless people who inhabit this country, really the most oppressed and taxed of any people on the face of the earth.

They are now in revolt, and what civilized man attaches blame to them? The only regret experienced is that they are being plunged into anarchy and turbulence; and what little civilization in the last sixty years they have had beaten into them, while under a terrible despotism, will be lost in a still worse barbarism.

There are 200,000 acres cultivated in those provinces where they have rain, and in some portions, where they have not, by irrigation. Those engaged in it are permanently settled upon the soil. There are seventeen powerful tribes who from necessity lead a pastoral life, wandering according to the season of grasses, with their immense herds of camels, cattle, sheep, and goats, and depend upon the settlements for their grain.

The whole population is Mohammedan, as a rule, without knowing or giving much attention to the subject. Ignorant and superstitious, they easily become fanatical when there is plenty of plunder and very little fighting.

Khartoom, the capital, situated at the junction of the two rivers, is strongly fortified, has a few stone buildings, and miserable huts like other towns in the Soudan, with a population, it is said, now of over 50,000, mostly natives, and a few Europeans and Turks. It is to this, the capital, that El Mahdi, after overthrowing three *corps d'armée*, is now marching, and will soon enter—if the telegram is true that it is abandoned—as a triumphant conqueror.

An adventurer but a few years since, success has thrown a sort of religious sanctity around him, and has induced great numbers of savages to join him.

He has availed himself of a tradition, long since noticed in history, originating in the sect known as "the Shi-ites, which, under the Fatimite dynasty, overran Persia, and extended their sway into Egypt." They profess the belief that "Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed, was as great if not greater than the Prophet"—a sort of impersonation of Divinity—and to this day visit his tomb in Persia instead of that at Medina.

The descendants of Ali were called "Imams" (Reciters). The twelfth Imam, named El Méhdi, the last male descendant, it was supposed did not die, but was concealed, to remain until the day of judgment, when he would appear in company with the Saviour, "who would then in his presence declare El Islam the true religion of the world."

Mohammed Achmet is a black man with a streak of Arab blood, born at an insignificant village in the small island of Abou, some distance up the White Nile. He professes to have been hid away where no human being could have ever discovered him, and hearing in his seclusion the story, now common among the Faithful, that the last day is near, and witnessing the general disorder around him, has no doubt thought it a good time to creep out of his hiding-place, and let the world know that the twelfth and real Imam was still living.

Should he crystallize his following into an established government at Khartoom, organize his armies, and send his emissaries into Mohammedan countries, particularly into Egypt and Arabia, to stir up the true believers, England must be prepared for still greater excitement in Egypt, and throughout North Africa, Arabia, Syria, Persia, and Turkey.

Tokar, the place recently surrendered, was a military station, and is a small watering-place, of 10,000 inhabitants, on the route to Cassalla, a large military station, and the second town in the Soudan. It is this that makes Tokar important. More than fifty miles from Suakin, it is near the village of Trinkitat, on the Red Sea.

Sinkat, the other village now so prominent, is about one hundred miles from Suakin. Guarding the wells on the route to Berber, so necessary to troops and caravans, makes it important. If the announcement is true that England intends to give up the Soudan, the march of General Graham must be partial. If Gordon had remained at Khartoom he might have extended it to Berber; it is possible he may be compelled to go there to save Gordon, should it prove true that the powerful tribe of Bishareens, heretofore friendly, are in revolt, as they cut his retreat from both Khartoom and Berber.

What could have been done by a comparatively small force a few months since will now require a large one. It is certain, however, if Graham meets any of the rabble, they will be disposed of without difficulty. It is doubtful whether they will meet the enemy; their policy is to draw him into the interior, and weary him out with desert travel.

Should England change her policy, and make this movement one to reconquer the Soudan, she can only do it by establishing stations on the different lines mentioned leading to Berber and Khartoom. As the question now stands, England narrows the circle of Egypt to Assouan. With a small force she can hold Egypt and the Canal; this secures a safe transit to the Indias, and incidentally enough of Egypt's rich lands to pay Egyptian bondholders.

No one acquainted with Egypt is disappointed that Gordon has failed; his declaration in favor of domestic slavery, which seems important to the civilized world, really there did not amount to much. Their *hareem system* is but a hot-bed of slavery; every woman and servant in it is considered a slave, and no law has dared to interfere with it. It is not only a part of their interior economy, but it is their religion; to change it, it would be necessary to strike out an important law of the Prophet. They knew this, and therefore they did not value his proclamation, while he has received the onus of it at home. If Gordon had said to them, "You can go into Africa and bring to Khartoom a caravan of slaves," he might have captured the principal enthusiasts of El Mahdi; but the fact is, the rebellion has gone too far for mere words, and England must fight or withdraw into her small circle around her Canal.

THE HEART OF SAM NAYLOR.

A TALE OF THE BLACK COUNTRY.

Sam Naylor was the hero of Picardy Green. I do not know why it was called "Green." Perhaps there had been pleasant fields there once; but when Sam lorded it over the long rows of blackened cottages it was covered with heaps of calcined shale and cinders. Massive brick furnaces stood in its centre, the cruel, flaring flames crawling up their sides, while from underneath trickled sluggishly the scoria used in making the black, ugly roads that intersected this acre of fire and desolation.

Its inhabitants were workers in coal and iron, and had long been regarded as a peculiarly wicked and degraded class. But whatever they were, Sam was king among them, and few men in Picardy Green would have cared to say "no" to Sam's "yes."

One morning in the autumn of 1830, when the sky was brightly blue above the black, fiery plain, Sam started for the works. He was a gigantic fellow, able to swing a hammer that no other man could lift, and as he stalked along in his leather suit, with an enormous bull-dog at his side, he was the very ideal of a modern Cyclops.

Passing through that part of the village where the few trades-people lived, he met a collier toward whom he had a particular dislike—a dislike which the men's dogs seemed to share, for while their masters only glowered at each other, the brutes flew to battle at once. In a very few minutes, however, the men were emulating them, and their blows and oaths mingled terribly with the hoarse growls and tearing of the animals.

The pitmen and ironmen of Picardy Green were ready fighters. No one minded their quarrels, and generally no one interfered. This morning, however, in the very height of his passion, Sam felt a grasp on his arm, and turning hastily, saw standing by him a girl who was an utter stranger to him. She was very pretty, with a serious, steadfast face, and a great deal of that quaint air which we are accustomed to call "Quakerish." But her eyes met Sam's with a look at once fearless and pitiful, and before he could speak she said:

"You must not fight—father says so. It is very wicked."

"Hoa, there! Let-a-be, lass, or I'll trounce thee too. Tak' care o' Bully; he'll fly at thee. Goa away!"

"I will not go away until you stop fighting, and I am none afraid of your dog;" and she chirruped to the fierce brute, and called him to her.

That Bully, after a moment's consideration, left his own private quarrel and went to the girl, with a shamefaced air, was a miracle that affected Sam beyond all arguments. He stood gazing stupidly at the girl, rubbing his eyes as if he doubted their truth, and then said, angrily: "This bangs a' I iver seed! Goa tu t' pit now, Todd; I'll finish thy licking again."

Then Sam moved off the other way, and called his dog to follow him. But the animal was under the charm of the girl's eyes and hand, and he hesitated, upon which Sam gave him a furious kick. He had not calculated on further interference; and when the girl blazed into a sudden scornful anger, and called him "a cowardly fellow," he had never in all his life been in such an uncomfortable, perplexing position.

In fact, he was conquered as well as his dog, and he walked away wondering and angry at this new power over him. Among the blazing furnaces, and in the midst of scarcely human toil, he felt the influence of those clear, searching eyes, and the touch of that soft, firm hand. What did it mean?

At the noon hour, when the men sat down to eat their bread and bacon, Sam contrived to get next to Ben Boocock. Ben was a fervent Methodist, and Sam thought him the likeliest person to feel interested in the suppression of a fight. Besides, Ben, before his conversion, had been a great admirer of Sam's special accomplishments, and since it, indeed, had often risked a blow in order to induce his old hero to "come tu t' chapel." So he was well pleased to listen to Sam's tale, and to humor his interest in the girl who had so unexpectedly put a stop to the thrashing he was giving Todd.

"Eh! she wor a spunky 'un, that wor she. Thar isn't a lad in t' shire would hae dared Sam Naylor that gate," said Ben. "I'll be bound it wor our new preacher's lile lass. I hearn tell she wor a rare 'un. What wor she like, now, Sam?"

Sam had a very vivid memory of a grave, pretty face, with bands of brown hair brushed across a broad white brow; but his vocabulary of words suitable for such a conversation as this was a very meagre one. He could only say:

"She wor just bonnie, Ben, wi' a masterful way wi' her. I'll lay thee a pound she wor t' preacher's lass, for she said summat about her fayther. It's good for him he sent t' lass, an' didn't potter himsel' i' my affairs."

"He only came three days gone by. They say he axed Conference to send him here. He's been used to pit lads, an' thinks m'happen he can do summat for 'em."

That night, when the works loosed, Sam and Ben again fell into each other's company. As they passed down King Street, Sam said, "It wor just here I wor thrashing Todd when she touched me."

"An' that's preacher's house, an' yonder he comes himsel', an' I'd say fur sure that the lile lass with him is the vera yan ya mean, Sam."

"Ay, ay, that en's her;" and before the men could say more, Ben had greeted his new pastor.

The preacher was a man in the prime of life, and quite a match physically for Sam Naylor. Indeed, a dim doubt as to how a fight would have terminated in case the father instead of the daughter had chosen "to potter in his affairs" crossed Sam's mind. Perhaps if he had known at that time that the Rev. John Burslam had once wielded a heavier hammer than his own, he might have had still graver doubts.

He was annoyed at Ben stopping to speak to him; for the preacher had said, "Good-evening, Mr. Naylor," and offered his hand; and the courtesy had so far pleased Sam that he felt constrained to accept it. Besides, little Mary Burslam had also said, "Good-evening, Mr. Naylor," and the charm of her voice and eyes he could no more resist than could his dog, which had instantly bowed his great head to the touch of her small fingers.

Several pitmen passed, and looked curiously or insolently at the trio, but this circumstance only made Sam more pleasant with the preacher. He noted well every offender, and he mentally promised each of them "such a topper of a lesson as he'd need nobbut yance."

So, for reasons easily understood, the meeting was rather a prolonged one. The preacher had discovered Sam's influence in the village, and longed to win so valuable a coadjutor. Ben Boocock was proud of his minister and proud of his friend, and proud also of the sensation that the two talking together were making in the village; and Sam was defiantly passive in the hands of Ben, "acause he wor bound to talk wi' auther Methody or divil wi'out axing cat or Christian about it."

Then the preacher had shaken hands with him, and called him "Mr. Naylor," and though Sam had said, "Nay, nay, I's plain Sam al'ays," he had secretly been very much pleased with the compliment. He was, indeed, too busy with his own peculiar position in the eyes of the men passing to understand very clearly what was being said about "a night school" and a "temperance lodge" and "Mr. Naylor's influence"; but when little Mary Burslam added, at parting, "You must be sure to come, Mr. Naylor," he heard her very clearly, and answered, shyly, "I'll come some neet, lass; see if I doan't."

Perhaps he was annoyed both at the promise and the meeting, for when Ben and he pursued their walk, Sam was surly and quiet. Bully divined at once his master's mood, and fell behind him, and Ben also saw that his friend would bear the intrusion of new ideas no further that night. So as they neared the wretched cottage of which Sam was master, Ben said, "Good-neet, Sam; I's see thee at works to-morn."

"Happen tha will, an' happen tha won't. I's gotten some foak to settle up wi' to-neet. I's niver let Jos Hewitt an' Jimmy Hirst look at me yon way."

"Thear, now! It's no law-brekking to look. Niver mind their gangings on. I thowt thou wert above striving wi' foak tied to git warst o' it."

"Dal it, man, I woan't mind thee! It wad be a rum go if Sam Naylor were to do what lile Ben Boocock towd him." And thus muttering, Sam shut the dirty little wicket with a bang, and left Ben standing outside it. Ben did not understand that this temper was a very natural reaction; he was much troubled, and feared he had in some way undone all the preacher's good influence.

But he would not have thought so if he could have seen Sam sitting on the dirty hearth-stone that made all that was home to the poor fellow. Indeed, it was the consideration of Sam's home that had first led the Rev. John Burslam to believe the village bully a much nobler fellow than he appeared to be; and as this home was a peculiarly melancholy, dirty one, the preacher's reason needs some explanation.

He judged, then, from the following premises. Three years previously Sam's sister had been left by a frightful colliery accident helpless and homeless with five young children. "Helpless" was an adjective exactly suited to Martha Yatton. She was a sickly, slatternly woman, always ready to cry, and never for a moment forgetful of the great tragedy of her life. Crying women don't keep tidy houses or cook good meals. Besides, the children were both noisy and unruly.

But no one ever heard Sam complain. If ever he felt inclined to grumble, Martha's tears and moans reproved him; and as for the four lads, and the one delicate little lass who called him "uncle," he bore their quarrels and wants and sicknesses with a patience that won every one's admiration and respect.

This night things were no better and no worse than usual; Sam accepted the tardy meal, and bore with the usual noise and the usual complaining with his usual passive patience. Then, after his tea, he called Bully and went out. There was a high bank on one side of a filthy canal, covered with a kind of blackened grass, and here the men of the village were accustomed on summer evenings to congregate. Thirty or forty were sitting on the grass as he approached, all of them smoking, and most of them with their bull-dogs by their sides.

Evidently they had been talking of Sam, for, as he approached, a sudden silence fell on the group. Sam broke it by a word to Bully—a word which instantly threw the lounging, sneering men into commotion. Sam's dog was worrying Jimmy Hirst's dog, and the men were taking sides, and laying bets on the result. As the dogs bit and worried one another the excitement increased, for it was soon evident that the men were eager to take part in the fight.

A dumb devil possessed Sam; he did not deign to speak a word, but his looks and actions were a far more provoking challenge than any words could have been. In fact, it was Jimmy Hirst who uttered the first taunt and struck the first blow, but after it they fell thick and fast as hail. Again, in the midst of his passion, Sam was arrested. This time, however, by a clear strong voice outside the ring ordering him, in peremptory tones, to "put down Jimmy Hirst."

"It's constable."

"It's Methody preacher."

Sam answered the command by dragging his opponent to the edge of the bank and flinging him into the canal beneath it. Instantly there was a clamor of voices.

"T' lad can't swim!"

"Shame, Sam Naylor! That's no fair play."

"It's plain murder!"

"Run for the constable!"

Then there was another plunge in the black, crawling water. The preacher had dived after the wounded, dazed collier. For a moment it was feared that neither would re-appear. The mud at the bottom was deep, and the man heavy and senseless with Sam's blows. But John Burslam knew his own skill and strength; in a few minutes Jimmy Hirst was safe upon the bank, and the constable had his hand on Sam's shoulder.

So Sam did not go to the works in the morning. He was in jail, with the prospect of the house of correction or tread-mill before him. But that fascination which Sam had always exercised over his companions now came to his help. They all declared that Sam had been provoked "beyond reason," and Jimmy Hirst did not think it prudent to make all Sam's admirers his enemies. He confessed in court that "he had called Sam a Methody, and struck the first blow."

The justice, an old-fashioned clergyman of the Church of England, decidedly opposed to "Dissent," admitted, with a queer smile of sympathy, the great provocation, and decided that Sam might be set at liberty on finding bonds for fifty pounds to keep the peace for six months.

Fifty pounds! Sam had not a sovereign in the world. To go to prison, to leave Martha and the children, to lose his work, his name—a score of frightful consequences rushed into his mind. He had come into a situation where sinews and inches were of no avail.

"Your honor—your reverence—" he said, with a choking voice, and then stopped, for the Rev. John Burslam in a few words offered himself as the prisoner's bondsman, and was accepted.

Thus there was a double tie between the men. Sam had no great choice of words outside those pertaining to his work and sports; but his great dumb heart had received several new impressions, and feeling, sooner or later, breaks forth into speech. The preacher was noways hurt at Sam's silence. He knew that his gratitude was struggling with a galling sense of humiliation and obligation.

But, for all this, he did not waste his opportunity. Never had Sam Naylor heard such downright truths. All the accomplishments on which he prided himself, John Burslam proved to be utterly brutal and contemptible. Sam looked stealthily at his brawny arms, and felt ashamed for them. Bully's big jaws and mighty grip lost value in his eyes. When they passed the village ale-house and he heard his companions drinking his health, and roaring out rude songs in their rude *patois*, he had no sense of triumph in the honor. The fawning congratulations of the men he met, the sneers or compliments of the women, scarcely affected him. His great drowsy soul was awakening, but awakening in the midst of a tempest of opposing feelings—a tempest in which all was darkness as well as tumult.

As they neared the preacher's house the door opened, and little Mary stood on the steps to welcome them. "Oh, Mr. Naylor, I am so glad all is right!" she said, and offered him her hand. The August sunshine fell all over the white-robed girl; she seemed like an angel to Sam. He looked steadfastly at her a moment, and then threw his hands behind him. "Nay, nay," he stammered; "I'm none fit to touch thee, lass."

He turned suddenly up the street, and John let him go without protest. Silence was "the word in season" in this case. Sam's first thought was the ale-house, for he craved beer importunately. But he also craved solitude and quiet, and for once he dreaded the thought of the big arm-chair, and the crowd of men with their tipsy jokes and songs.

While he hesitated he saw Mary Burslam standing between him and the open door of temptation. She stood in the bright sunshine, and her dress was whiter than its light, and her sweet serious face looked steadfastly at him. "A hallucination?" Of course it was a hallucination to me, or to any of my readers; but to Sam Naylor, no—it was real as life and death to him.

"*I'll niver goa inside t' door again; see if I do!*" And with this homely promise on his lips Sam turned to his own house.

It was even more uncomfortable than usual. Martha had had good cause for weeping, and she was indulging it. Not even Sam's assurance that "it was all right" could comfort her. But her complaints fell on deaf ears. He drank the pot of tea she made for him, and then, shutting himself in the second room, tried to think over things. This event had, as it were, broken his life in two. The things that had been his glory never could be again. John Burslam's scorn had robbed them of all favor in his eyes. And yet they had been a power that it grieved him to relinquish. Who would take his place? That was a bitter thought. His obligation to the preacher galled him. "Wha axed him to tak' a hand i' my fight?" he demanded, angrily; and then the next moment he thought of Jimmy Hirst drowned, and of Sam Naylor in prison, with the gallows before him. He followed out these thoughts till he was in a tempest, and wanted beer more imperatively than ever. Then, swift as an arrow, and keener than keenest steel, his promise to Mary Burslam arrested him.

He might have reasoned that it was the ale-house he promised not to enter, and so have Martha fetch his beer home; but Sam was a straightforward sinner; he had not learned to play tricks with his conscience. He might have reasoned that it was not really Mary, and that a promise made to a fancy was not binding. But in all rude natures there is a strong sentiment of that spiritual something we call superstition, and though Sam could not define his ideas about Mary's appearance, he believed that in some mysterious way she had been permitted to warn him. His promise to her he regarded as irrevocable, unless he was prepared to face consequences he dared not take into consideration.

But the feelings I have endeavored to analyze attacked Sam in furious confusion. Remorse, anger, shame, pride, superstitious fear, reverent admiration, tortured and divided him. If it had been a physical pain, he could have understood it, but this inarticulate agony of the soul in all its senses conquered him. As night came on he put on his cap and went out to the gate, looking this way and that, like a man in extremity. There was no moon, but the furnaces threw large lustres to the sky and shifting lights across the black moor beyond the village, and there he went to fight out the battle raging within him.

After hours of anguish, he suddenly remembered John Burslam. "I'll goa tu t' preacher; I'm fair dazed—that I am;" and he went straight to John's house, called him up, and poured out his whole heart to him. It was a queer confession, and many might have doubted Sam's sincerity, for wounded pride, sensual regrets, matters of drink and dog-fighting, were queerly mixed with sorrow for his neglect of "a' that could mak' a man o' him," and his total forgetfulness of God.

But John had stood just where Sam was standing, and he quite understood him. He was holding Sam's hand and crying over it before he had finished. Through the still, solemn hours of midnight they talked together of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." I think of the Roman court and Paul before Agrippa, and then I think of John's humble little parlor, barely lit by its one poor candle, and I doubt which was the more august scene. And when the day broke, Sam went out from that solemn interview to begin a new life.

Yes; but not all at once. Men's purposes outrun their actions, and Sam had many a slip backward, though John walked continually by his side, giving him strength and comfort. One thing was greatly in Sam's favor, however: he never broke the promise he had made to that strange appearance of Mary Burslam, though often the mighty craving to do so was almost beyond his control. In that piteous midnight confession to John Burslam he had kept back this experience, as being too keenly personal to both; but one night, when almost overcome by his passion, he stumbled into John's parlor again, and covering his face with his hands, showed him only his poor stormy heart, and the angel who had hitherto kept him from breaking his promise.

John was neither angry nor incredulous. Methodist preachers half a century ago believed in the supernatural. The evidence of their faith was a miracle, and there were few of them that had not seen visions and dreamed dreams. He told Sam he believed that he had been met by some blessed keeper of souls, who, on account of his spiritual weakness, had taken the form most likely to influence him, and he warned him not to disobey the heavenly messenger. Materialists may scoff at such an argument; there were the plain laws of right and wrong, the promises and penalties of the Bible at his hand; why, then, bolster up a soul with a hallucination? Ah! John was a very humble Christian; he thought very lowly of his own powers of persuasion, and very much of God's ways, even though he did not understand them.

This conversation produced results little foreseen at the time. It first of all led John to consider the necessity of supplying nobler motives and objects to take the place of the rude sports which had hitherto filled up Sam's spare hours. Sam had evidently great mental as well as great physical powers, and in their cultivation John saw a certain safeguard. But he did not enter on this plan with any great enthusiasm; indeed, he rather dreaded the duty which every day more importunately demanded his attention. He would rather have preached a sermon than sit watching Sam painfully strive to make straight lines and pot-hooks, and stumble through a child's lesson in reading and pronunciation.

But it was impossible not to sympathize with Sam's earnest efforts and his child-like pride in his successes; and in a year only a word of explanation now and then was needed, and John got rather to like hearing the young man read while he smoked his evening pipe. Then, as time passed, and Sam began to form opinions, there was many a mental tussle between them, and John, laughing pleasantly, very often admitted that master and scholar had been pretty evenly matched.

But when things had got thus far nearly two years had passed, and Sam Naylor was a very different character from the hero of the beginning of my tale. He had conquered his love for beer, and become a great man in the temperance lodge. Even those who had determined to cling to their beer pots till death parted them liked well to listen to Sam Naylor's racy teetotal speeches. He spared none of them, and they laughed heartily at each other's discomfiture. "It wor as good as cock-fighting nobbut to listen to 'un," was the general verdict, for Sam generally found among his audience an opponent whose rude eloquence, backed by the popular sympathy, was worthy of his steel. It was a great thing for this dawning soul that he had always been able to command respect.

At first his inches and sinews kept men from sitting readily or safely in the seat of the scornful, and the gibes of the women Sam was far above noticing. Then, after he had publicly joined the Methodist congregation, a great deal of Christian courtesy fell to him as of right; for the men who began in the prayer-meetings to say "Mr. Naylor" naturally used the pleasant mark of respect outside the sacred walls. It helped him wonderfully. Any one could see that "Sam Naylor" and "Mr. Naylor" were two different men.

In the third year of John Burslam's charge a great sorrow came to Picardy Green. The pits and iron-works got into pecuniary difficulties, the mighty furnaces grew cold, and the white-faced grimy colliers lounged idly all day on the black banks of the useless canal. Five hundred families found themselves without bread. They had no money to move away, and, indeed, where should they go? It is not everywhere in England a collier or iron-worker can get employment. They could only wait with sick hearts for the re-lighting of the furnaces and the re-opening of the pits. But when people have nothing saved, and no resources, famine comes with rapid steps. There was soon suffering and distress in every cottage, and hunger, cold, and care brought forth fever and pestilence.

It was in these days Sam became a hero. Not such a hero as Jack the Giant-killer: anybody could be a hero with a "coat of darkness, shoes of swiftness, and cap of knowledge." Sam had to fight the pestilence almost without weapons—to go into rooms of anguish to meet an enemy he could not see, and often to obey orders which seemed to him both useless and cruel.

But it was not the least of his merits that he was willing to obey. John Burslam begged, in the large towns adjoining, food, medicine, and money, and it was Sam's work to use this help precisely as John directed him. To carry wailing children up and down a room hours at a time, to make porridge for hungry ones, to soothe heart-broken women, to control men frantic with fever, to strip himself of all his old pride in his manhood and do a woman's work with broom and pail in order to save life—these were the deeds of daring that made a gentleman of Sam Naylor;

> "For Sorrow gives the accolade
> (With the sharp edge of her blade)
> By which the noblest knights are made."

It was a great comfort to John Burslam that, before he left, the works had been able to resume operations. Sam had been promoted, the charge of his department having been given to him, with a salary of £150 a year. Even the manager now called him Mr. Naylor. He moved into a better house, and the children went to school. Martha had a merino dress now for afternoons. Poor Martha! she was still in tears, and had fresh cause for them, for two of her lads and her only little lass had died of the fever, and she herself had barely escaped with her life. Still the poor weak creature had followed her brother upward, though at a very great distance.

At length the time came for John and Sam to say farewell. They parted in the little parlor which had been such a gate of heaven to one poor soul. A prayer, a blessing, a momentary clasp of a little white hand, and the memory of a pure calm face were all now left him of the preacher and his daughter. But even such intangible things are often mighty powers, and Sam's nature was not one that readily forgot.

Indeed, after a time, it pained him that he remembered so well, for it was hardly possible John should continue to meet his enthusiastic friendship with one equally demonstrative. He had been compelled to give to his new interests and cares all his active sympathies, and to leave the past with the past. But Sam was too earnest and loving to consider these things, and when John gradually began to write at longer and longer intervals, it grieved him sorely.

However, he was inventing his own sorrow. John's interest in him had not diminished, but his life was full of present duties, which every year had made graver and wider, until at length he had been selected to superintend a theological school for the preparation of young men for the ministry. In this position he was frequently reminded, either by likeness or contrast, of that one who still warmly cherished his memory at Picardy Green.

This remembrance seemed to press him with a peculiar strength one day, for at night, as Mary sat in the twilight sewing, he said, after a long silence: "I have been thinking all day of Mr. Naylor, Mary. I hardly knew I was doing it, until I found myself writing his name over and over, while I talked with young Otley. It must have been Otley's appearance—such a big, manly fellow; but then Otley is a gentleman, and poor Sam was—"

"A gentleman, I am sure, father."

"So he was, Mary—so he was. A modest, brave man as ever lived. He ought to be here to-day—indeed he ought."

Singularly enough, Mr. Naylor's name was the first thing he saw in his morning paper. Mary, with a happy face, pointed out the paragraph. It was an account of a terrible colliery accident near Picardy, and it was Sam who had organized relief parties, and worked night and day himself, until the poor imprisoned souls had been delivered. The eulogium on his bravery and prudence was very pleasant to both father and daughter, and they looked at each other with full eyes.

"No wonder I was thinking so persistently of him all yesterday, Mary! What a noble soul! He is a born helper of men. He ought to be a preacher."

"If he has a call, father, he will hear it in God's time. Saving men's lives is a very good theological school, I think."

Still, after that, John could not dismiss the idea. He looked at the ardent men before him, and thought of that modest, loving soul that he had left to fight its way upward amid the depressing influences of Picardy Green, and a kind of remorse took possession of his sensitive conscience. So, "after many days," Sam got a wonderful letter, and then many letters, and the end was that within another year Sam was sitting again at his old pastor's feet.

Seven years make great changes in men, and it was seven years since these two had met. But the changes in Sam had all been good ones. There was still a kind of Doric simplicity in his dress, speech, and manners; but his great heart had so managed and moulded his stalwart frame that his presence was in every way winning.

To no one more so than to the sweet fair woman who had once so unceremoniously laid her hand on his brutal arm ten years before. Who then could have foreseen the consequences of little Mary Burslam's interference? But in character as well as in events great things grow from little ones.

This change in Mr. Naylor's life introduced him to my personal knowledge. I was in Mary Burslam's Sunday-school class, and I loved her with a romantic affection. The instinctive jealousy of a child soon divined that Mr. Naylor loved her also, and perhaps I should have learned to dislike him if Mary had not generously asked me often to her home, and made much of me before my rival. Before long I was reconciled to him, and a year afterward I was very proud of the part I took in their solemnly happy bridal.

Then they went away, and for a long time I watched the Minutes of Conference, and followed them over the map of England. But from no idols are we so easily weaned as from those of our childhood, and in newer loves and interests I quite forgot the Rev. Samuel Naylor and his wife.

Ten years afterward I was going southward to see the great Exhibition of 1851. At the manufacturing town of S—— I had many friends, and I resolved to stay over one Sabbath day with them. They were Methodists of the strictest sect, and were full of joyful surprise and congratulation at my visit. I could not have come at a more fortunate time! It was a special providence; it was just wonderful! The great Mr. Naylor was going to preach at Picardy Green the next day! Surely I had heard of Mr. Naylor? And an old servant added, in his broad, honest *patois*, "Eh! but thou wort al'ays a lass in good time, thou wort."

We intended to have been there for the morning service, but one of our party was sick, and we were detained so long that it was six in the evening when we got within sight of the bare black moor and its smoking furnaces. Intersected by roads in every direction, every road was full of crowded vehicles, and men, women, and children on foot. They were all making for one spot, the large new chapel that Mr. Naylor was opening for worship that day.

It had been crowded in the morning, but it was soon evident that it would not contain the half of the evening congregation. I do not know who proposed it, nor how it got to be generally understood: I only followed a great crowd to the moor outside the town, and there I saw that a rude pulpit had been arranged by the aid of a wagon, some planks, and a little table.

A rude pulpit, but a wonderful service. I own to a partiality for Charles Wesley's hymns, and especially when thousands sing them with all their heart in the summer twilight. And then the moon rose, and the great furnaces leaped up fitfully, and between the two lights I saw the grandest figure of a man, bare-headed and open-armed; and his mighty voice had but one theme for the charmed multitude—the Christ of the poor and forsaken, the Christ of the slave and the prisoner, the Christ of the Magdalene and the poor Samaritan, the Christ whose pierced hands have broken for us the chains of sin and death.

I can see yet the crowds scattering slowly in the strangely mixed light, some silent, some talking earnestly, some weeping, a great many singing. East and west, north and south, they vanished into darkness, while I sat listening to what was said of the preacher.

"He might have the best circuit in England," said the enthusiastic little woman at my side.

"So he might, so he might, Lydia; but he's al'ays most at home wi' coal an' iron lads. An' his wife (women-folk are much of a muchness)—but she's a rare 'un. Says she, 'They love you, an' they know what you mean, husband, an' just bide where God put you.' I nobbut saw her but yance, but it mak's me good only to think o' her."

I heard this without taking much heed of it, for I was thinking of those "two pierced hands of Christ," those wounded hands, so pitiful and yet so strong. Suddenly a little man jumped up from the road-side, and in a voice that was half singing and half crying said:

"Give us a lift, measter. If yo've been tu t' meeting, yo' won't mind it. I'm nobbut going to Yatley Common; yo're raite int' road."

We took him up gladly, a little, sturdy, shabby man, who cried softly to himself most of the way.

"But it's wi' fair joy," he explained as he left us. "Yo' see I've been wi' Sam Naylor, an' I've heard him preach, an' eh! but yon were gran' words he said. Yance I caw'd him *Methody* to shame him, an' he flung me intu t' canal, an' maistly drownded me, he did, sure."

"And he served you right—that he did," said my friend, warmly.

"Ay, ay; but if I'd been drownded, then Sam 'ud have been hung—that's what I'm thinking on. Yo' see, looks like God did know whatna fur we comed here. Good-neet, friend;" and the little man went singing over Yatley Common.

I never forgot him, and years afterward, when the whole of this story came to my knowledge, I was very glad to have such a pleasant memory of little Jimmy Hirst.

IN CARNIVAL TIME.

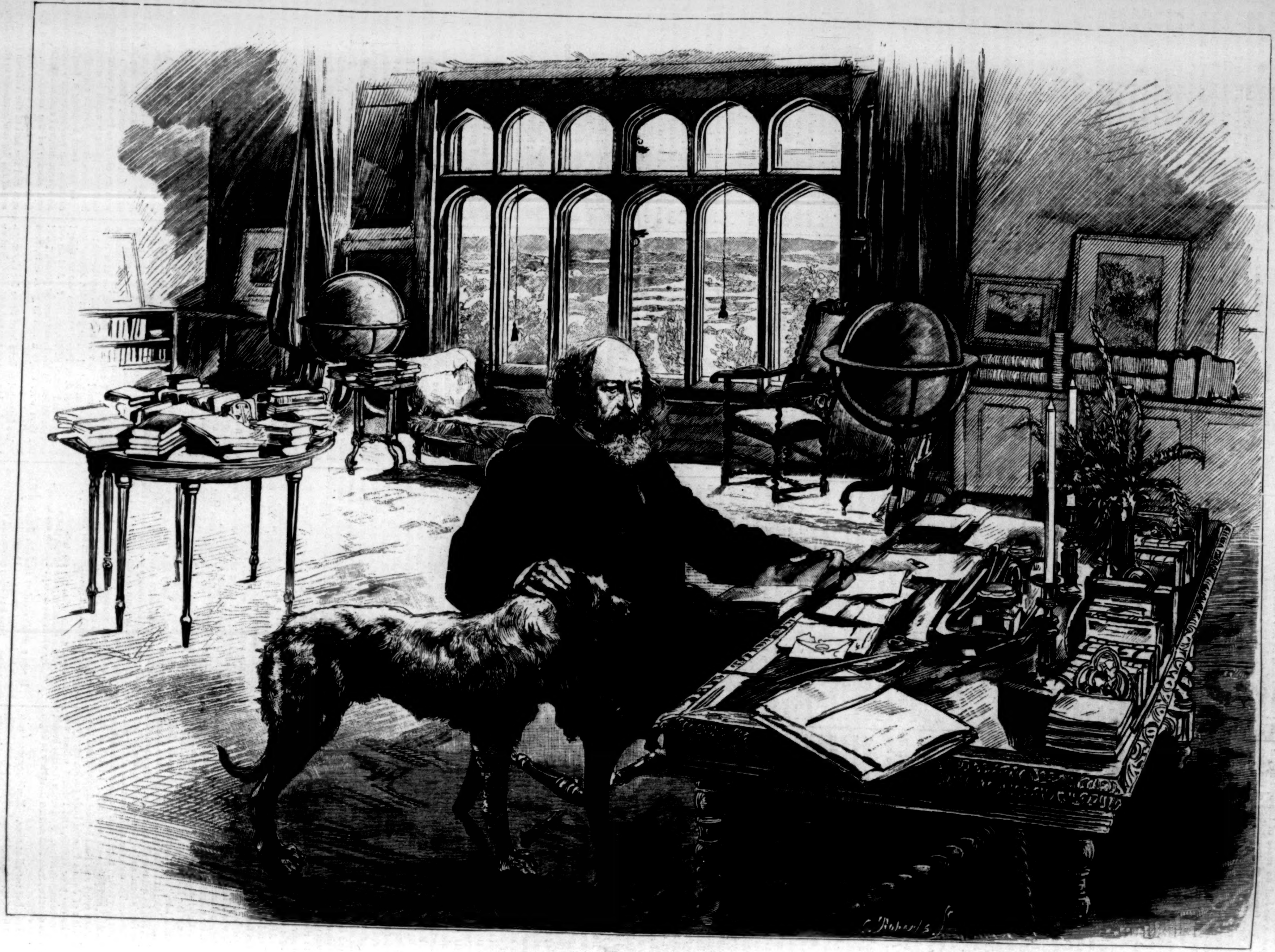
EVERY evening during Carnival week in New Orleans the "floats" that formed a feature of the procession were drawn back by the colored torch-bearers to the point of departure, and the scenes that then took place were often more striking and picturesque than the procession itself. The negroes entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion, and the streets were crowded with spectators. Our artist shows a party of these torch-bearers returning with the "Car of Juggernaut." They were dressed in red robes, carried immense flambeaux, and gave vent to their jollity by singing and shouting with all the strength of their lungs.

THE NEW ARMORY IN PHILADELPHIA.

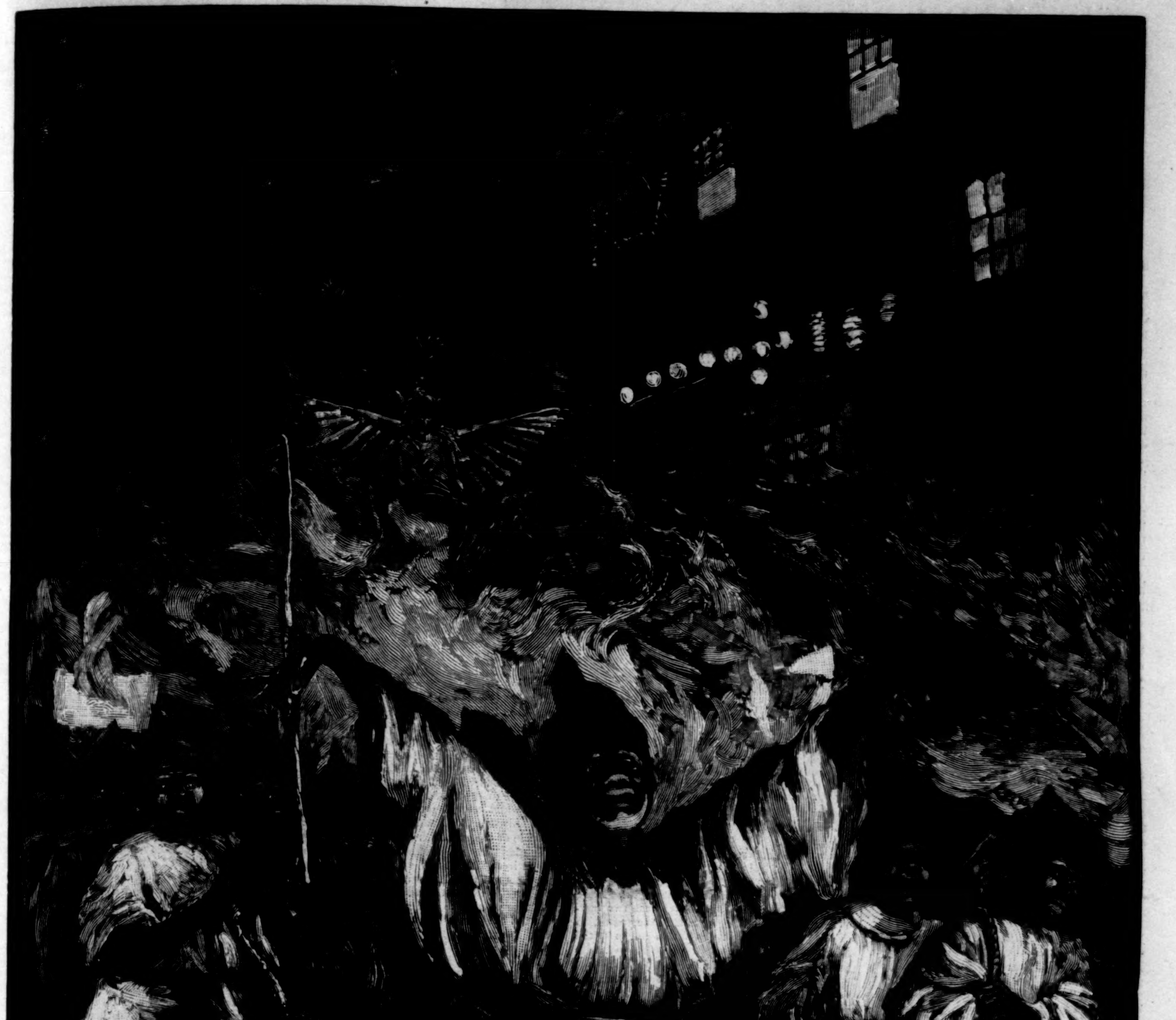
THE new Armory of the First Regiment of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, of which we give a picture on page 160, was formally opened on the 22d of February, with appropriate festivities.

The building stands on the southeast corner of Broad and Callowhill streets. The base of the structure is of Lumberton granite, and this extends to the line of the first floor, above which brick is used. The superstructure is ornamented with dark red stretches in red mortar. The wall at the top extends outward above the cornice with battlements. On each of the four corners of the Armory a round turret is built, and in the centre of the main front are two square towers. The doors and windows are trimmed with Martinsville stone, which is in color somewhat similar to lilac, and the effect is very pretty. The main entrance is on Broad Street, and is twelve feet wide and twenty-two feet high. There are also three entrances to the drill-room on Callowhill Street, and two on Carlton Street. These doors are also capacious, but not so large as the one on Broad Street. The drill-room, in the rear of the building, is a spacious apartment, 155 feet deep. The floor is of yellow pine, laid upon a solid bed of cement. Beneath the pavement, with an entrance from the cellar through a subterranean passage, which is guarded by massive iron doors, is the powder magazine.

In the front building a furnished basement contains the quartermaster's storage-rooms, toilet apartments, and accommodations for the general storage of the companies. On the main floor are rooms for the use of the regimental officers and the hall of the Veteran Corps, which is one of the finest apartments in the building. Of the company rooms four are located on the main floor and six on the second. The second floor also provides room for a well-appointed regimental kitchen, which, if necessary, may be used as a mess-room or a squad drill-room. The half-story, or attic, above will be used for storage and for the closets of the companies located on the second floor.



LORD TENNYSON AT HOME.—[See Page 151.]



IN CARNIVAL TIME—NEW ORLEANS.—Drawn by Joseph Pennell.—[See Page 155.]

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. ROOK.

EMILY'S first day in the City library proved to be a day wasted.

Still persuaded that there was something in the newspapers published under the date of the year 'seventy-seven which Alban was afraid to let her see, she began reading the back numbers at haphazard, without any definite idea of what she was looking for. Conscious of the error into which her own impatience had led her, she was at a loss how to retrace the false step that she had taken. But two alternatives presented themselves: either to abandon the hope of making any discovery, or to attempt to penetrate Alban's motives by means of pure guess-work, pursued in the dark.

How was the problem to be solved? This serious question troubled her all through the evening, and kept her awake when she went to bed. In despair of her capacity to remove the obstacle that stood in her way, she decided on resuming her regular work at the Museum, turned her pillow to get at the cool side of it, and made up her mind to go to sleep.

In the case of the wiser animals, the Person submits to Sleep. It is only the superior human being who tries the hopeless experiment of making Sleep submit to the Person. Wakeful on the warm side of the pillow, Emily remained wakeful on the cool side, thinking again and again of the interview with Alban which had ended so strangely.

Little by little her mind passed the limits which had restrained it thus far. Alban's conduct in keeping his secret, in the matter of the newspapers, now began to associate itself with Alban's conduct in keeping that other secret, which concealed from her his suspicions of Mrs. Rook.

She started up in her bed as the next possibility occurred to her.

In speaking of the disaster which had compelled the landlord and landlady to close the inn, Cecilia had alluded to an inquest held on the body of the murdered man. Emily had heard of such proceedings being reported in the newspapers. Had something appeared in the report of the inquest at Zeeland which concerned Mrs. Rook? Had Alban discovered it? And in that discovery might the motive be found of which she was in search?

Led by the new light that had fallen on her, Emily returned to the library the next morning with a definite idea of what she had to look for. Incapable of giving exact dates, Cecilia had informed her that the crime was committed "in the autumn." The month to choose, in beginning her examination, was therefore the month of August.

No discovery rewarded her. She tried September, next—with the same unsatisfactory result. On Monday, the 1st of October, she met with some encouragement at last. At the top of a column appeared a telegraphic summary of all that was then known of the crime. In the number for the Wednesday following she found a full report of the proceedings at the inquest.

Passing over the preliminary remarks, Emily read the evidence with the closest attention.

The jury having viewed the body, and having visited an out-house in which the murder had been committed, the first witness called was Mr. Benjamin Rook, landlord of the Hand-in-Hand inn.

On the evening of Saturday, September 29, 1877, two gentlemen presented themselves at Mr. Rook's house, under circumstances which especially excited his attention.

The youngest of the two was short, and of fair complexion. He carried a knapsack, like a gentleman on a pedestrian excursion; his manners were pleasant, and he was decidedly good-looking. His companion, older, taller, and darker—and a finer man altogether—leaned on his arm, and seemed to be exhausted. In every respect they were singularly unlike each other. The younger stranger (excepting little half-whiskers) was clean-shaved. The elder wore his whole beard. Not knowing their names, the landlord distinguished them, at the coroner's suggestion, as the fair gentleman and the dark gentleman.

It was raining when the two arrived at the inn. There were signs in the heavens of a stormy night.

On accosting the landlord, the fair gentleman volunteered the following statement.

Approaching the village, he had been startled by seeing the dark gentleman (a total stranger to him) stretched prostrate on the grass at the roadside—so far as he could judge, in a swoon. Having a flask with brandy in it, he revived the fainting man, and led him to the inn.

This statement was confirmed by a laborer who was on his way to the village at the time.

The dark gentleman endeavored to explain what had happened to him. He had, as he supposed, allowed too long a time to pass (after an early breakfast that morning) without taking food: he could only attribute the fainting fit to that cause. He was not liable to fainting fits. What purpose (if any) had brought him into the neighborhood of Zeeland, he did not state. He had no intention of remaining at the inn, except for refreshment; and he asked for a carriage to take him to the railway station.

The fair gentleman, seeing the signs of bad weather, desired to remain in Mr. Rook's house for the night, and proposed to resume his walking tour the next day.

Excepting the case of supper, which could be easily provided, the landlord had no choice but to disappoint both his guests. In his small way of business, none of his customers wanted to hire a carriage—even if he could have afforded to keep one. As for beds, the few rooms which the inn contained were all engaged, including even the room occupied by himself and his wife. An exhibition of agricultural implements had been opened in the neighborhood only two days since, and a public competition between rival machines was to take place on the coming Monday. Not only was the Hand-in-Hand inn crowded, but even the accommodation offered by the nearest town had proved barely sufficient to meet the public demand.

The gentlemen looked at each other, and agreed that there was no help for it but to hurry the supper and walk to the railway station—a distance of between five and six miles—in time to catch the last train.

While the meal was being prepared, the rain held off for a while. The dark man asked his way to the post-office, and went out by himself.

He came back in about ten minutes, and sat down afterward to supper with his companion. Neither the landlord nor any other person in the public room noticed any change in him on his return. He was a grave, quiet sort of person, and (unlike the other one) not much of a talker.

As the darkness came on, the rain fell again heavily, and the heavens were black.

A flash of lightning startled the gentlemen when they went to the window to look out; the thunder-storm began. It was simply impossible that two strangers to the nighborhood could find their way to the station, through storm and darkness, in time to catch the train. With or without bedrooms, they must remain at the inn for the night.

Having already given up their own room to their lodgers, the landlord and landlady had no other place to sleep in than the kitchen. Next to the kitchen, and communicating with it by a door, was an out-house, used partly as a scullery, partly as a lumber-room. There was an old truckle-bed among the lumber, on which one of the gentlemen might rest. A mattress on the floor could be provided for the other. After adding a table and a basin for the purposes of the toilet, the accommodation which Mr. Rook was able to offer came to an end.

The travellers agreed to occupy this make-shift bed-chamber.

It was then between nine and ten o'clock. The thunder-storm had passed away, but the rain continued to fall heavily. Soon after eleven the guests at the inn retired for the night. There was some little discussion between the two travellers as to which of them should take possession of the truckle-bed. It was put an end to by the fair gentleman, in his own pleasant way. He proposed to "toss up for it," and he lost. The dark gentleman went into the room first, the other following him after waiting awhile.

Having previously barred the second door of the out-house, which led into the yard, Mr. Rook fastened the other door, the lock and bolts of which were on the side of the kitchen. He then secured the house door, and the shutters over the lower windows. Returning to the kitchen, he noticed that the time was ten minutes short of midnight. Soon afterward he and his wife went to bed.

Nothing happened to disturb Mr. Rook during the night.

At a quarter to seven the next morning he got up, his wife being still asleep. He had been instructed to wake the gentlemen early, and he knocked at their door. Receiving no answer, after repeatedly knocking, he opened the door and stepped into the out-house.

At this point in his evidence the witness's recollections appeared to overpower him. "Give me a moment, gentlemen," he said to the jury. "I have had a dreadful fright, and I don't believe I shall get over it for the rest of my life."

The coroner helped him by a question: "What did you see when you opened the door?"

Mr. Rook answered: "I saw the dark man stretched out on his bed—dead, with a frightful wound in his throat. I saw an open razor, stained with smears of blood, at his side."

"Did you notice the door leading into the yard?"

"It was wide open, sir. When I was able to look round me, the other traveller—I mean the man with the fair complexion, who carried the knapsack—was nowhere to be seen."

"What did you do, after making these discoveries?"

"I closed the yard door. Then I locked the other door, and put the key in my pocket. After that I roused the servant, and sent him to the constable—who lived near to us—while I ran for the doctor, whose house was at the other end of our village. The doctor sent his groom, on horseback, to the police office in the town. When I returned to the inn the constable was there, and he and the police took the matter into their own hands."

"You have nothing more to tell us?"

"Nothing more."

CHAPTER XXV.

"J. B."

MR. ROOK having completed his evidence, the police authorities were the next witnesses examined.

They had not found the slighest trace of any attempt to break into the house in the night. The murdered man's gold watch and chain were discovered under his pillow. On examining his clothes the money was found in his purse, and the gold studs and sleeve-buttons were left in his shirt. But his pocket-book (seen by witnesses who had not yet been examined) was missing. The search for visiting-cards and letters had proved to be fruitless. Only the initials "J. B." were marked on his linen. He had brought no luggage with him to the inn. Nothing could be found which led to the discovery of his name or of the purpose which had taken him into that part of the country.

The police examined the out-house next. The result of this proceeding was to strengthen the circumstantial evidence against the missing man.

He must have carried away his knapsack when he took to flight; but he had been probably in too great a hurry to look for his razor case. It had fallen between the table and the wall. Of the two compartments which it contained, one had a razor in it, and one was empty. The blood-stained razor exactly fitted the second compartment, and the name of the Belgian city, "Liege," was engraved on both razors alike. After hearing the description of the suspected person, given by the landlord, the landlady, and the servant, and after seeing the beard and mustache of many years' growth on the face of the corpse, it was impossible to doubt that the razors belonged to the person who had appeared at the inn with a knapsack on his back.

The yard was the next place inspected. Footsteps were found on the muddy earth, up to the wall. But the road on the other side had been recently mended with stones, and the trace of the fugitive was lost. Casts had been taken of the footsteps; and no other means of discovery had been left untried. The authorities in London had also been communicated with by telegraph.

The doctor being called, described a personal peculiarity, which he had noticed at the post-mortem examination, and which might lead to the identification of the murdered man.

As to the cause of death, the witness said it could be stated in two words. The internal jugular vein had been cut through, with such violence, judging by the appearances, that the wound could not have been inflicted, in the act of suicide, by the hand of the deceased person. No other injuries, and no sign of disease, were found on the body. The one cause of death had been hemorrhage; and the one peculiarity which called for notice had been discovered in the mouth. Two of the front teeth in the upper jaw were false. They had been so admirably made to resemble the natural teeth on either side of them, in form and color, that the witness had only hit on the discovery by accidentally touching the inner side of the gum with one of his fingers.

The landlady was examined when the doctor had retired. Mrs. Rook was able, in answering questions put to her, to give important information in reference to the missing pocket-book.

Before retiring to rest, the two gentlemen had paid the bill—intending to leave the inn the first thing in the morning. The traveller with the knapsack paid his share in money. The other unfortunate gentleman looked into his purse, and found only a shilling and a sixpence in it. He asked Mrs. Rook if she could change a bank-note. She told him it could be done, provided the note was for no considerable sum of money. Upon that he opened his pocket-book (which the witness described minutely), and turned out the contents on the table. After searching among many Bank of England notes, some in one pocket of the book and some in another, he found a note of the value of five pounds. He thereupon settled his bill, and received the change from Mrs. Rook—her husband being in another part of the room attending to the guests. She noticed a letter in an envelope, and a paper with writing on it, and a few cards, which looked like visiting-cards, among the bank-notes which he had turned out on the table. When she returned to him with the change, he had just put them back and was closing the pocket-book. She saw him place it in one of the breast pockets of his coat.

The fellow-traveller who had accompanied him to the inn was present all the time, sitting on the opposite side of the table. He made a remark when he saw the notes produced. He said, "Put all that money back; don't tempt a poor man like me." It was said laughing, as if by way of a joke.

Mrs. Rook had observed nothing more that night, had slept as soundly as usual, and had been awakened when her husband knocked at the out-house door, according to instructions received from the gentlemen overnight.

Three of the guests in the public room corroborated Mrs. Rook's evidence. They were respectable persons, well and widely known in that part of Hampshire. Besides these, there were two strangers staying in the house. They referred the coroner to their employers, eminent manufacturers at Sheffield and Wolverhampton, whose testimony spoke for itself.

The last witness called was a grocer in the village, who kept the post-office.

On the evening of the 29th a dark gentleman, wearing his beard, came into the shop, and asked for a letter addressed to "J. B., Post-office, Zeeland." The letter had arrived by that morning's post, and it was at once handed to the applicant. He stepped a little nearer to the light of the lamp at the inner end of the counter, and opened his letter and read it. It must have been short, for the reading was done in a moment. He seemed to think over it for a while, and then he turned round toward the shop door to go out. There was nothing to notice in his look or in his manner. The witness offered a remark on the weather, and the gentleman said, "Yes, it looks like a bad night," and so went out.

The postmaster's evidence was of importance in one respect: it suggested the motive which had brought the deceased to Zeeland. The letter addressed to "J. B." was, in all probability, the letter seen by Mrs. Rook among the contents of the pocket-book spread out on the table.

The inquiry being, so far, at an end, the inquest was adjourned—on the chance of obtaining additional evidence when the reported proceedings were read by the public.

Consulting the next day's number of the newspaper, Emily discovered that the deceased person had been identified by a witness from London.

Henry Forth, gentleman's valet, being examined, made the following statement:

He had read the medical evidence contained in the report of the inquest, and believing that he could identify the deceased, had been sent by his present master to assist the object of the inquiry. Ten days since, being then out of place, he had answered an advertisement. The next day he was instructed to call at Tracey's Hotel, London, at six o'clock in the evening, and to ask for Mr. James Brown. Arriving at the hotel, he saw the gentleman for a few minutes only. Mr. Brown had a friend with him. After glancing over the valet's references, he said: "I haven't time enough to speak to you this evening. Call here to-morrow morning at nine o'clock." The gentleman who was present laughed, and said, "You won't be up." Mr. Brown answered, "That won't matter; the man can come to my bedroom, and let me see how he understands his duties, on trial." At nine the next morning Mr. Brown was reported to be still in bed; and the witness was informed of the number of the room. He knocked at the door. A drowsy voice inside said something, which he interpreted as meaning "Come in." He went in. The toilet-table was on his left hand, and the bed (with the lower curtain drawn) was on his right. He saw on the table a tumbler with a little water in it, and with two false teeth in the water. Mr. Brown started up in the bed, looked at him furiously, abused him for daring to enter the room, and shouted to him to "get out." The witness, not accustomed to be treated in that way, felt naturally indignant, and at once withdrew—but not before he had plainly seen the vacant place which the false teeth had been made to fill. Perhaps Mr. Brown had forgotten that he had left his teeth on the table. Or perhaps he (the valet) had misunderstood what had been said to him when he knocked at the door. Either way, it seemed to be plain enough that the gentleman resented the discovery of his false teeth by a stranger.

Having concluded his statement, the witness proceeded to identify the remains of the deceased.

He at once recognized the gentleman, named James Brown, whom he had twice seen—once in the evening, and again the next morning—at Tracey's Hotel. In answer to further inquiries, he declared that he knew nothing of the family or of the place of residenee of the deceased. He complained to the proprietor of the hotel of the rude treatment that he had received, and asked if Mr. Tracey knew anything of Mr. James Brown. Mr. Tracey knew nothing of him. On consulting the hotel book, it was found that he had given notice to leave that afternoon.

Before returning to London the witness produced references which gave him an excellent character. He also left the address of the master who had engaged him three days since.

The last precaution adopted was to have the face of the corpse photographed before the coffin was closed. On the same day the jury agreed on their verdict: "Willful murder against some person or persons unknown."

Two days later Emily found a last allusion to the crime—extracted from the columns of the *South Hampshire Gazette*.

A relative of the deceased, seeing the report of the adjourned inquest, had appeared (accompanied by a medical gentleman), had seen the photograph, and had declared the identification by Henry Forth to be correct.

Among other particulars, now communicated for the first time, it was stated that the late Mr. James Brown had been unreasonably sensitive on the subject of his false teeth, and that the one member of his family who knew of his wearing them was the relative who now claimed his remains.

The claim having been established to the satisfaction of the authorities, the corpse was removed by railroad the same day. No further light had been thrown on the murder. The handbill offering the reward, and describing the suspected man, had failed to prove of any assistance to the investigations of the police.

From that date, no further notice of the crime committed at the Hand-in-Hand inn appeared in the public journals.

Emily closed the volume which she had been consulting, and thankfully acknowledged the services of the librarian.

The new reader had excited this gentleman's interest. Noticing how carefully she examined the numbers of the old newspaper, he looked at her from time to time, wondering whether it was good news or bad of which she was in search. She read steadily and continuously; but she never rewarded his curiosity by any outward sign of the impression that had been produced on her. When she left the room there was nothing to remark in her manner; she looked quietly thoughtful, and that was all.

The librarian smiled—amused by his own folly. Because a stranger's appearance had attracted him, he had taken it for granted that circumstances of romantic interest must be connected with her visit to the library. Far from misleading him, as he supposed, his fancy might have been employed to better purpose if it had taken a higher flight, and had associated Emily with the fateful gloom of tragedy, in place of the brighter interest of romance.

---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1409.

There, among the ordinary readers of the day, was a dutiful and affectionate daughter following the dreadful story of the death of her father by murder, and believing it to be the story of a stranger—because she loved and trusted the person whose short-sighted mercy had deceived her. That very discovery, the dread of which had shaken the good doctor's firm nerves, had forced Alban to exclude from his confidence the woman whom he loved, and had driven the faithful old servant from the bedside of her dying mistress—that very discovery Emily had now made, with a face which never changed color, and a heart which beat at ease. Was the deception that had won this cruel victory over truth destined still to triumph in the days which were to come? Yes—if the life of earth is a foretaste of the life of hell. No—if a lie *is* a lie, be the merciful motive for the falsehood what it may. No—if all deceit contains in it the seed of retribution, to be ripened inexorably in the lapse of time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SINGULAR ICE FORMATIONS.

The high easterly winds that prevailed early in the winter threw upon the shore of Lake Erie, near the Marblehead Light-house, vast quantities of ice, which at some points was piled up in fantastic shapes, forming arches, caves, and domes. In one place the ice was heaped up to the height of twenty-five feet, and extended about forty feet into the lake. Near the centre of the mass was a beautifully proportioned arch, five feet in height, with a number of crystal grottoes on one side. A striking peculiarity of this formation was the profile of a human face, the outlines being clearly defined, as may be seen in our illustration on page 160.

WINTER SANITARIUMS.

OLD POINT COMFORT.

Everybody is supposed to know something about Fortress Monroe, and to be well informed as to the history of that important little promontory on which this largest of our fortresses is situated, and which is known as Old Point Comfort. But it is curious how much we can contrive not to know of that which is near us; and as there are some New-Yorkers who have not seen the Brooklyn Bridge, it is to be feared that those wise ones who, when questioned about Fortress Monroe, pretend to know all about it, are ignorant of its position, and the interesting facts with which the past and present associate it. As to the connection of the Hygeia Hotel with the fortress, it is not long since one New-Yorker asked another if the Hygeia Hotel was at Newport News, and if boats ran across to the fort, and if the Navy-yard was a part of Fortress Monroe!

The facts are that the Hygeia Hotel is built on government land, with the fort immediately behind it. Newport News is beyond that broad indefinite water known as Hampton Roads, where the James River joins the broad Chesapeake, filled with a motley craft of memories, from Captain John Smith down to the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, and covered with the flags of all nations. There even comes in a line of steamers from Brazil to Newport News, or, more properly, to Newport's News, so called, in the first place, from the old English navigator Christopher Newport, and, later, Newport's *News*, in gratitude for the help sent to the starving colony of Jamestown. That was good "news" indeed. The hard old mother country—we might call her a step-mother country—allowed her poor colonists to nearly starve to death, and then sent them food.

This Old Point Comfort, dear to the heart of the storm-tossed and wind-driven, was a favorite watering-place for the Southern gentry as early as the year 1817, and until the war came with its disturbing influences it was the resort of a greater number of polished and fashionable people than any similar place on the Atlantic coast. A small hotel erected in 1867 was filled during the winter months with people from the North, and in the warm weather the Southerners began to drift back to their old summer quarters, although they did not like the memories connected with the neighboring fortress, which some of them called the "American Bastile." As all overcrowded hotels are apt to do, this one fell into bad repute. The food provided was poor and the attendance bad; but the bracing tonic of an atmosphere neither too hot nor too cold, the healthful recreation possible where sea and land are so intimately associated, the possibilities of sport where the wild duck flies and the sheep's-head swims, and perhaps the allurements of a military garrison with its pageantry of war, drew people to Old Point Comfort. At length an enterprising son of the Eastern Shore came, saw, and conquered the situation. He remodelled and enlarged the hotel, and perfected an excellent system of drainage, and from 1874 to the present time he has owned, kept, and constantly improved the present gigantic caravansary, which is so well adapted to the invalid or pleasure-seeker. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton in one of his novels draws an admirable picture of a valetudinarian who spent his life looking for a fine climate, and never found it. He should have taken him to Fortress Monroe. It is one of the pleasantest spots in the world; but one must breathe its delicious air, expand the lungs with its matchless ozone, and enjoy the brilliance of its sunlight to appreciate it. Standing on the top of the Hygeia Hotel, one is reminded of Artemus Ward's remark about the climate of Colorado. "This is good air," said he; "but it ought to be. I expect here is where they make it."

Mr. Phœbus has surrounded his vast house with glass-inclosed piazzas, where in January one can bask in the sun and enjoy an atmosphere in which the mercury often rises to eighty degrees. The great breakfast-room, where there is room for a thousand people to eat an excellent breakfast, is like a conservatory, and every window looks upon the broad blue waters, filled with sails—those sails which are, as Kingsley says, "the loveliest things which man has made, and are worthy to be part of nature."

The pale and delicate woman, half killed by the rigors of the Northern winter, or the vicissitudes of a life of fashion to which she is unequal, here recovers her lost bloom. The puny children who have run the gauntlet of city life and infantile maladies "perk up" in the clear air of the Hygeia piazzas; and the bronchitian—to coin a word—stops coughing, and the epicurean forgets his nervous dyspepsia.

The guests at the Hygeia are not, however, all of the sick and sorry order. There are certain joyous personages whose object in life is still to enjoy it, who find the conditions of Old Point admirably adapted to their humor.

A lofty and beautiful ball-room has been prepared for them, the largest in the country, with the single exception of the superb room in the Seventh Regiment Armory in New York. This spacious room is shaped like a musk-melon or a sea-shell, and a rotund, bell-like window provides plenty of air for the dancers—for indeed half the room is window. Outside, almost within a biscuit's toss, the ships they "go a-sailing, a-sailing out to sea," and many a young tar stands on deck and wishes that he were waltzing with a pretty girl within the charmed inclosure of that brilliant ball-room. The officers come in to enamel the scene with their brilliant uniforms. The band is excellent, and plays every day.

What sort of breakfast or dinner do we get in that vast room that has seats for a thousand guests, and in its size and construction resembles the Rotunda at Washington? The table at the Hygeia Hotel has been criticised, and a mournful story was once told of an affectionate daughter who threw herself into her father's arms as he was setting out for New York and exclaimed, amid her sobs, "Send me, oh, send me, dear papa, a beefsteak!" But it must be remembered that an affectionate daughter who sits on the sands all the morning, under the warm sun which blesses Old Point Comfort, and who has her flirtations at the fort to attend to, who has to walk with her invalid mother through the eleven miles of sunny, glass-inclosed piazzas, and who must dance vigorously all the evening—that such a young person has probably a very good appetite, and needs beefsteaks.

Everybody gets ferociously hungry at this healthy spot, and doubtless in the past there have been times when the food was insufficient, and possibly bad. It is a hard thing to feed a thousand people well every day. But the cuisine is now admirable. So good are the oysters that one can well believe the statement of Captain John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, who said he once lived for ten days on the great-grandparents of these very bivalves. Then there are the finest of canvas-back ducks, fish that are the very poetry of the finny tribe—of course fresh; excellent English breakfast tea and brown clear coffee, with pitchers of foamy cream; good soups and sweet-potato pies and savory meats—real old Virginia hams, Maryland geese and turkeys—in fact, the table is made up of every creature's best, like Wordsworth's heroine, not jumbled in as we have jumbled it, but served accurately and in order, as Uncle Sam Ward would desire it, and good enough even for him. In this matter of the cuisine it is said that Mr. Phœbus has called to his aid Mr. Crittenden, of the Cooper House at Cooperstown, long renowned for its excellent table. Perhaps these well-experienced caterers know the secret of making the dinner a little better on a dull day; for lazy and unoccupied people must eat to amuse themselves. It is quite certain that on a stormy day the venison is more tender;

"The joint is a picture for painters to study,
The fat is so white and the lean is so ruddy;"

the canvas-back has merely flown through the kitchen, and yields its dainty blood like a martyr to the knife; the vegetables have a fresher flavor, and the macaroni rejoices in a touch more of Parmesan; the dessert shows a master touch, and the whole important periodicity of time which we call breakfast, dinner, and tea is brighter for the storm without. The cook has made sunshine in a shady place. For Fortress Monroe, although blessed with one of the most equable climates in the world, has occasionally a stormy day. Like Todgers's, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, "it can do it when it chooses." On a certain 5th of January the wildest snow-storm that was ever seen occurred in this locality; the thermometer fell to four degrees above zero, and the campus of the fort, erst so green and sacred to a million flirtations, was as white as a table-cloth. "Oh," said one young lady, looking out of a window as from a prison wall, "see that beach—see the sands all covered with snow! And to think that the day before yesterday I was lying on those very sands, holding a pink and white striped parasol over my head!" Such, however, is the mutability of the weather. But if cheerless without in this exceptional weather, how warm, comfortable, and protected was the air within the Hygeia Hotel! Even the consumptive did not breathe less freely, nor did the tired citizen feel the loss of his New York paper; for was not Phœbus there—Phœbus the jocular, Phœbus the cordial—greeting every new-comer with a "Welcome to Old Point Comfort," which had an effect like a ton of coal or a mile of the tropics in warming one up? Did a poetic guest address him with the adjuration,

"Phœbus, arise, and paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red;....
Give life to this dark world, which lieth dead,"

one might be quite sure that Mr. Phœbus, fond of dropping into poetry in a friendly way, and blessed with a prodigious memory, would answer with a quotation quite as apt and far more amusing.

The "season" at the Hygeia Hotel is from the 1st of February to the last of April; then skies are clear, the weather is superb, the trees and shrubs and flowers put forth; the beach is covered with women and children, who bask in the sun and drink in the ozone, who make excursions by water, accompanied by devoted cavaliers, through the broad and sheltered roadstead, or drive to Hampton to see General Armstrong, busied with his earnest effort to help the African and the Indian, the Normal and Agricultural Institute. General Armstrong has the fine old French *émigré* face, and the deep-set eyes of an enthusiast. He is doing a great work for humanity. Not far from the hotel is the Soldiers' Home, where General Woodfire has his delightful quarters, and makes happy fourteen hundred veteran soldiers, who, with their cats, their parrots, and their reading-room, recall the Chelsea pensioners and the Invalides in Paris. Who would not be an old soldier to enjoy so cozy a retreat?

The military post, our largest fortification, now used, amongst other things, as an artillery school, lies behind Mr. Phœbus's immense hotel, and with its church within the walls, its morning and evening drills, its spacious parade-ground, its music, its well-turfed ramparts, is a perpetual help and pleasure to the visitor. Moonlight on these ramparts, with a well-drilled artillery officer, is said to be at once the most agreeable and the most dangerous battle-ground for a young and unsophisticated heart.

The best recommendation for the Hygeia Hotel is that one can spend there agreeably the two worst months of our Northern year—November and March. These ill-favored, sour-tempered, uncomfortable, and gloomy daughters of the year are exceptionally agreeable at Fortress Monroe. The autumn lingers late, and the spring comes early. For children all the conditions of life are simple, healthful, and happy; for the invalid there are unusual facilities and aids to comfort. Not only are the galleries fitted for the rolling chair, but the grounds are laid out with especial thought for these helps to the feeble, while the air, Heaven's own gift, seems to inspire and to heal.

How to get there? That is an important question. From New York take the Pennsylvania Railroad at the foot of Desbrosses Street, and proceed to Baltimore. The best hour for starting is half past three in the afternoon. It is a journey of five hours to Baltimore. The parlor car goes directly to the steamer wharf, where is in waiting the best and most luxurious steamer in the country. The supper on board is worth eating, and the large comfortable state-room, with good French bed, reconciles the traveller to a night on Chesapeake Bay, which is not a rough sea. At half past eight the traveller is at the Hygeia, welcomed by Mr. Phœbus.

There are rooms for everybody. Elevators run constantly. The whole house is clean and almost luxurious. No malarious disease has set its baleful foot in this well-ventilated, carefully aired, and cleanly place. Every protection against fire is carefully provided, and on almost any day of the year flowers can be picked in the open air. The pansies at the Soldiers' Home were in blossom on the 3d of January; but perhaps of all months January is the least attractive at Fortress Monroe.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

"Slumming" is a fashionable pastime in London. It consists of visiting the homes of the poor, and making inquiries as to the conditions which surround them. The Prince of Wales has been slumming. New York has slums as well as London, and in these slums about half of the city's population live. The way was never clearer for imitators of the English.

Persons contemplating suicide give evidence frequently of thoughtful regard for those whom they are to leave behind. This they do in many ways, which could be enumerated were the topic pleasant to dwell upon. Almost invariably, also, they leave evidence of anxiety as to how the public shall regard them after they are gone—such as letters in which they try to justify the act they have in view. In these letters they often beg that they shall not be thought insane. Indeed, the fear of being called mad sometimes seems to have troubled them more than anything else. Now, in view of these facts, it is perhaps not too much to ask persons looking toward suicide that they will please not drown themselves in any of the Croton water reservoirs. They must know how strongly public sentiment is opposed to that method of taking themselves off, and if they disregard this sentiment, it may be necessary to conclude that they were not in their right minds.

It is proposed to build in Dakota a monument in memory of the Homestead Law and its author. The shaft is to be one hundred and sixty feet tall (a foot for each acre in a homestead entry), divided into five parts above the pedestal (one division for each year during which the settler must reside on his land in order to perfect his title), and erected on a pedestal forty feet square ("representing the four legal subdivisions of a homestead"—whatever they may be). A figure of Columbia delivering the patent to the settler will surmount the shaft. Statues of public men who were specially instrumental in securing the enactment of the law are to be grouped about the base. The association having the matter in charge asks Congress to grant a township of the public domain in aid of the fund.

In the course of an inquiry as to the damage suffered by a property owner in consequence of elevated railway trains passing near his buildings, it was claimed for the railway company that the trains were purifiers of the atmosphere. The theory advanced was that the moving cars produced currents which carried off the foul air. Any person who has inhaled the vapor distributed from the funnels of the elevated railway motors would be inclined, however, to choose the ordinary atmosphere of the avenues, if it were all the same to the railway company.

Pavilion Hill, an untenanted eminence on Staten Island, has been visited by a committee acting in the interest of a stock company that proposes to build a large crematory. It is said that if the incinerating furnace is located there, the smoke from its chimney will be visible from eight cities.

The librarian of the Congressional Library says that the ratio of the increase of copyrights from year to year is growing. Works of fiction lead, and theological books and other works on religious topics come next.

Two railway cars were blown from the track a few days ago by a Colorado wind-storm. Several passengers suffered slight injuries, but none was seriously hurt. If the possibility of such a mishap near the high curve of the elevated road at the upper end of Central Park should be realized, there would be a different story to tell.

The Mayor of Schenectady has joined the Church, patronized the Salvation Army, and refused to let *The Devil's Auction* be played in that city.

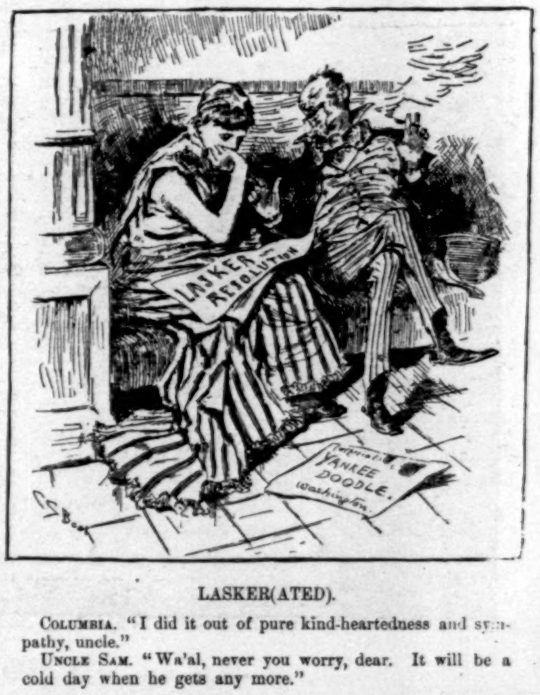
The Common Pleas Court sitting in Toledo, Ohio, has decided that slaves, being property, could not make a legal marriage contract, but that slave marriages were made valid in all cases in which the couple continued to live as husband and wife after the proclamation of freedom took effect.

The result of Dr. Schliemann's excavations in the mound that was believed to have been the tomb of the Athenians slain on the plain of Marathon has been announced. He found nothing in the tumulus but fragments of pottery and glass arrow-heads.

The employés of the Boston, Hoosac Tunnel, and Western Railroad stand in mortal fear of locomotive No. 13. They say the number is unlucky, and in support of the assertion they can name three men who were killed by the locomotive within three weeks.

The failure of the Chagrin Falls Paper Company is announced. It seems that there is still something in a name.

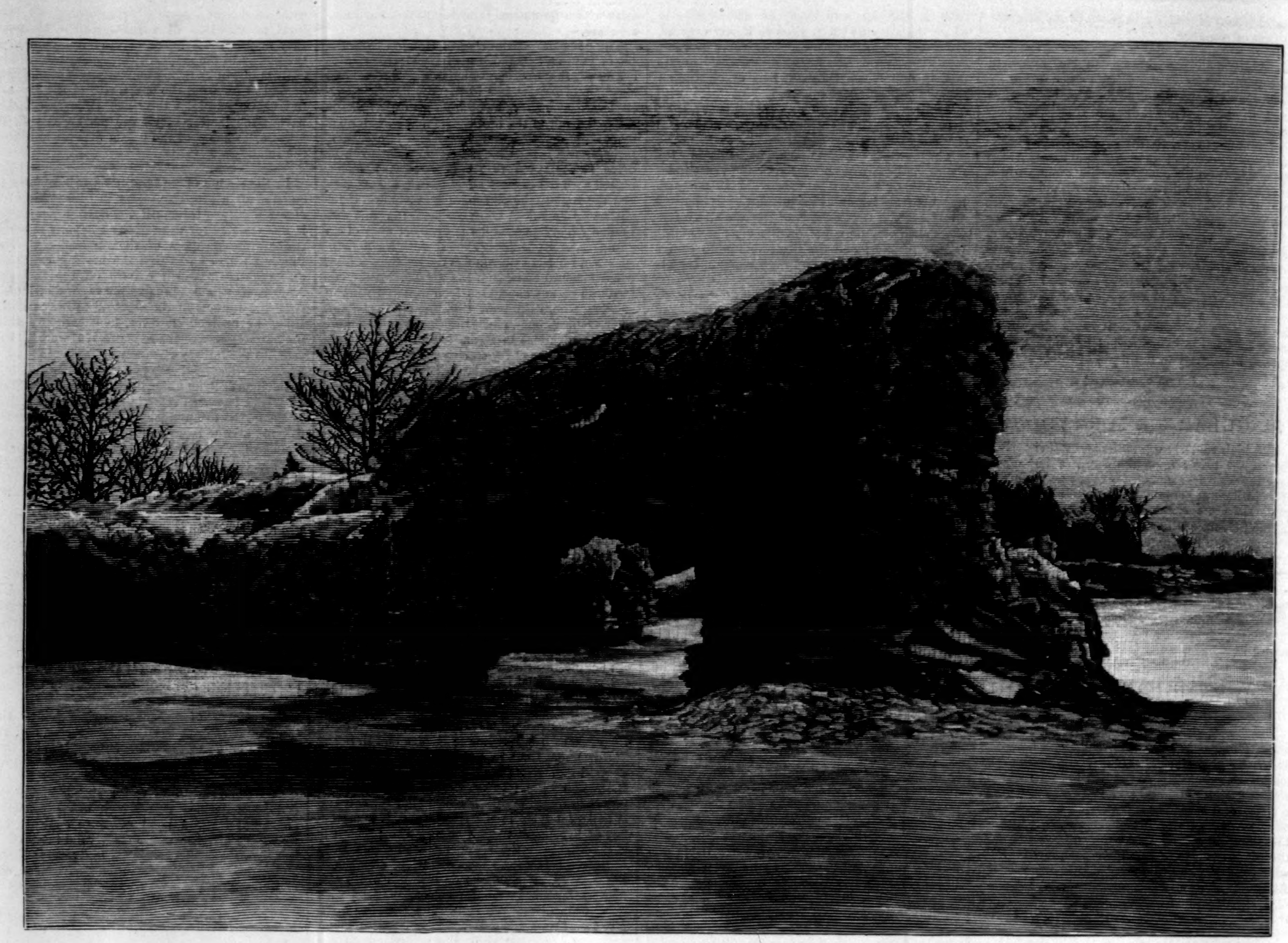
It seems that the mother of Washington has been more unfortunate in respect to her monument than her illustrious son has been. More than fifty years ago the corner-stone of a monument in memory of Mary Washington was laid near her home in Virginia. A gentleman of this city was furnishing the money from his private means; but he failed in business, and died soon afterward, and the work was stopped. A bill has been offered in Congress to appropriate money for finishing the monument. There is little of the original work left, owing to the ravages of time and the relic-hunters.



LASKER(ATED).

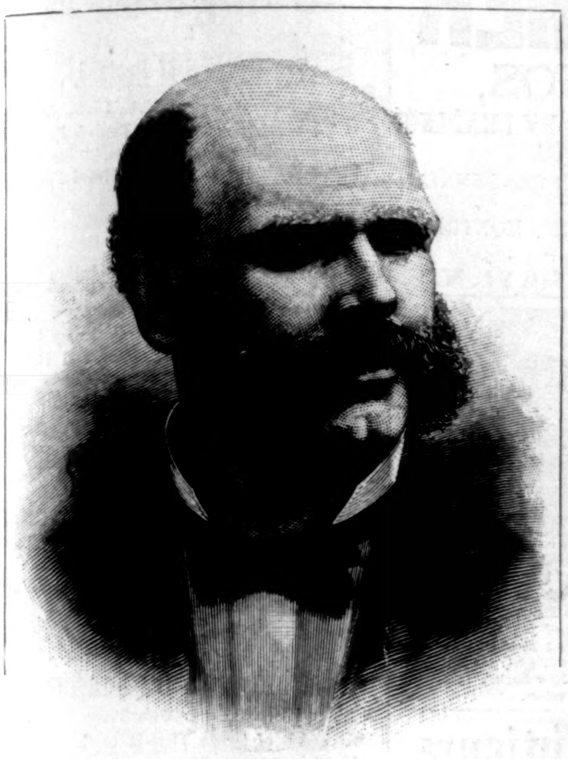
Columbia. "I did it out of pure kind-heartedness and sympathy, uncle."

Uncle Sam. "Wa'al, never you worry, dear. It will be a cold day when he gets any more."



SINGULAR ICE FORMATION ON LAKE ERIE.—From a Photograph by Bishop & Veitch.—[See Page 159.]

THE NEW ARMORY IN PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by F. B. Schell.—[See Page 155.]



THE HON. W. B. SMITH, MAYOR-ELECT OF PHILADELPHIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.

MAYOR SMITH.

THE official returns of the recent election in Philadelphia show that Mr. WILLIAM B. SMITH, the Republican President of the Select Council, was chosen Mayor over SAMUEL G. KING, the present Mayor, by a plurality of 9112. The contest was a very sharp one, and at times quite bitter, and all legitimate means were resorted to on both sides to gain the victory. Mayor KING, the defeated candidate, had the support of the Democratic party, and also of the Committee of One Hundred. The Mayor-elect was very much pleased with his success, as a matter of course. Speaking to a reporter of the *Inquirer*, he said: "I shall endeavor so to conduct my administration that it may deserve the approval of all those whose approbation I ought to wish for. As a popular demonstration, the result is especially gratifying to me as the people's expression of their determination to have the man of their choice, even though it be alleged against him that he is of foreign birth. It is a re-affirmation of a grand principle of liberality which has done much to make this country what it is to-day."

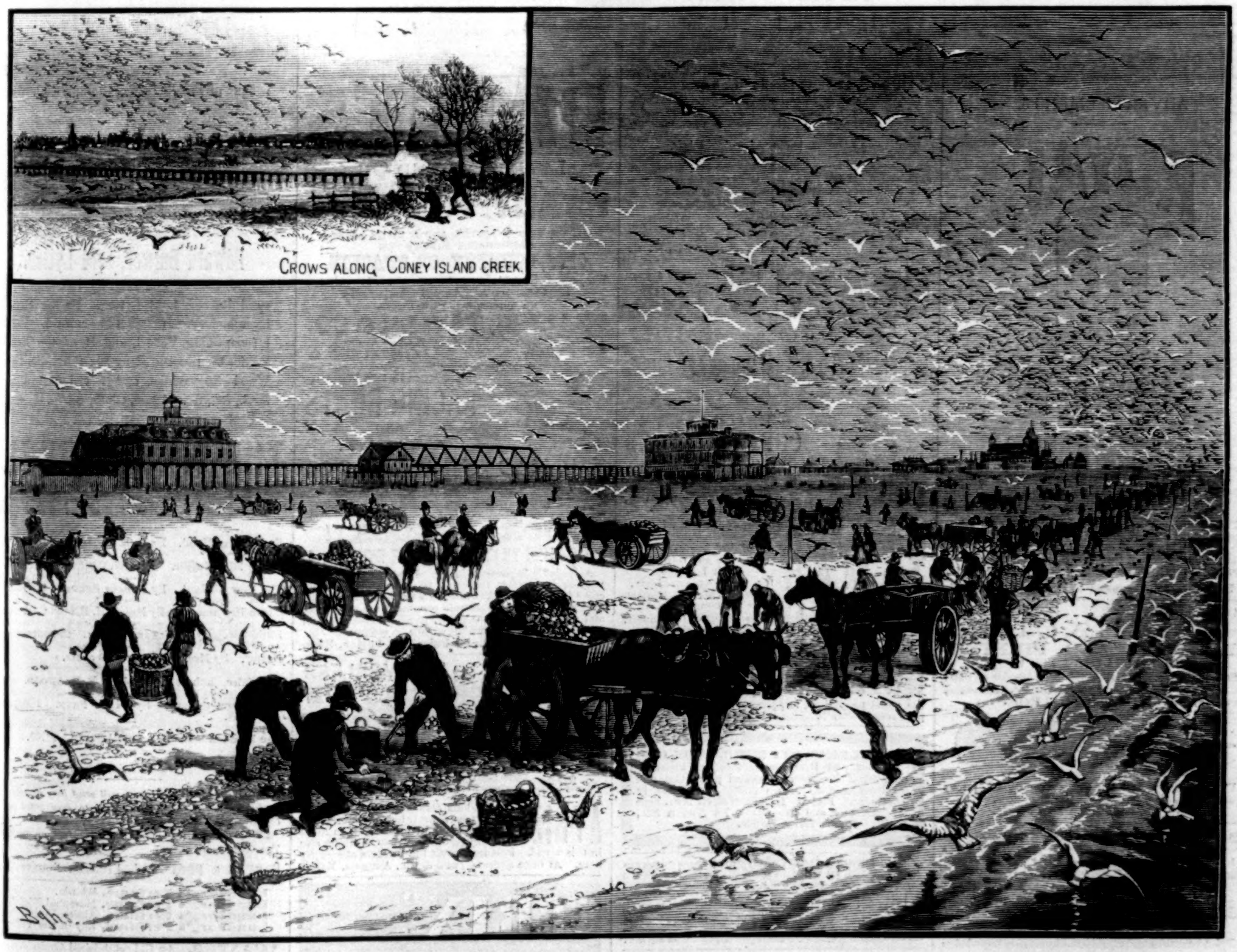
CAPTAIN MARY M. MILLER.

ON the 16th ult. Mrs. MARY M. MILLER, of the Mississippi steamboat *Saline*, received her license from the United States inspectors of steam vessels at New Orleans, having satisfied them of her competency to command a steamer. Her license authorizes her to assume the command of the *Saline*, with permission to navigate the waters of the Mississippi, Red, Ouachita, and other Western rivers. Captain MILLER took the usual oath demanded of steamboat captains when licensed to pursue their calling, and she subscribed to the articles in a plain hand, "MARY M. MILLER." Mrs. MILLER is quiet and unassuming in manner.

CAPTAIN MARY M. MILLER, OF THE STEAMBOAT "SALINE."
PHOTOGRAPHED BY WASHBURN, NEW ORLEANS.

SPORT ON CONEY ISLAND BEACH.

THE scene depicted below may now be witnessed every day when the tide is out. The clams


CROWS ALONG CONEY ISLAND CREEK.
Bghs.

AFTER CLAMS ON CONEY ISLAND.—DRAWN BY ALBERT BERGHAUS.

thrown up by the recent storms lie in great layers all along the Coney Island beach, and are gathered by farmers and fishermen, who drive their carts to the water's edge for that purpose. A curious and interesting feature of the scene is the multitude of sea-gulls that collect to feed upon the clams, undisturbed by the diggers.

Along Coney Island Creek, near Sheepshead Bay, thousands upon thousands of crows gather to feed on the dead clams and fish that strew the shore. They make good sport for the gunners, who sell them to taxidermists and milliners. Fine specimens bring from fifteen to twenty cents apiece. The crows are shy and hard to approach, and the gunners hide behind fences and bushes, waiting for them to settle within gunshot. A single shot will often bring down six or seven birds.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
A VALUABLE REMEDY FOR GRAVEL.

Dr. T. H. Newland, Jr., St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used it in diseases of the urinary organs, such as gravel, and particularly spermatorrhœa, with very good results, and think it a very valuable remedy in those diseases."—[*Adv.*]

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR
May be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine. Housekeepers should insist upon obtaining Burnett's Flavoring Extracts; they are the best.-[*Adv.*]

Don't wash the baby with any soap except the Bayberry Glycerine. It contains 50 % of pure glycerine, and a real skin and complexion soap. Ask your Druggist, or send 20 cents in stamps, and we will at once send you a large cake. Address The Clinton M'f'g Co., 20 Vesey Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

The purest fragrant, natural tobacco for the pipe or cigarette is Blackwell's Durham Long Cut. With no collodine in it, and only traces of the nitrates and nicotine, it is chemically the purest tobacco in the world, to say nothing of its delicious flavor and fragrance.—[*Adv.*]

We are pleased to state that Gen. Grant has nearly recovered from his rheumatic attack. He would have been well long ago if he had used Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment. It is called the Pain Reliever of the World.—[*Adv.*]

Reward.—$5000 gold for a case of cough, cold, or asthma that Adamson's Botanic Balsam cannot cure. Depot 343 4th Ave., N. Y. Price 10c., 35c., 75c. Try it.—[*Adv.*]

Halford Sauce is invaluable for soups, hashes, etc. Halford Sauce blends admirably with all gravies.-[*Adv.*]

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are an effectual Cough Remedy. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL

FULL WEIGHT
ROYAL
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

One Price Only. Established 1856.
J. LEACH,
STATIONER AND PRINTER,
86 NASSAU ST., N. Y.
Standard American and Spring-back Diaries on hand all the year. **Leach's, Esterbrook's, Gillott's, Perry's, and Spencerian Steel Pens.**

J. LEACH'S
FALCON PEN.

Fine Easter and Birthday Cards (Prang's and Marcus Ward's); also, Sunday-School Reward Cards.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES.

PAPER HANGINGS.
Importer of latest French and Old English styles. Send for Catalogue of New Designs.
GEO. HALBERT, Decorator,
1201 BROADWAY, near 29th St., N. Y.

$3.00 DAILY AT HOME.
Paint beautiful pictures without previous knowledge of drawing or painting. No glass used. Outfit and Colored Photo Mary Anderson, $1.00. Circulars sent for stamp. Agents wanted.
ROMAN ART CO., 3 Union Square, N. Y.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

HAIR
Possesses a vitality of its own that often outlives the rest of the physical organism. More frequently, however, either through disease, inherent weakness, or age, it falls off, turns gray, or fades early.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
Cures the diseases of the scalp and hair; strengthens hair that is naturally weak; nourishes and invigorates torpid hair roots, causing a new, vigorous, and luxuriant growth of hair on bald heads; and restores pristine freshness, color, and lustre to faded and gray hair.
Ayer's Hair Vigor is also a
Toilet Luxury
Superior to all other preparations for the dressing of the hair. It imparts pliancy, silken softness, lustre and luxuriance of growth, and not only cures Scald Head, Itching Humors, Tetter Sores, Dandruff, etc., but averts them, and prevents the hair falling off and turning gray.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all druggists.

LOOK AT THIS!
Russia Leather
SAFETY PENCIL POCKET
FOR 10c. Holds 2 pens or pencils, and secures them in the pocket so that they cannot fall out. Is neat and durable, and ⅙ former price. Cut shows less than ⅓ full size. Pocket to hold 3 pens, 15c. Agents wanted everywhere, and liberal discounts given. Sample pocket and special terms to agents sent by mail on receipt of price.
D. W. LAPHAM, Manufacturer,
3 John St., New York.

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,
Office, 5 & 7 John St., New York.
BRANCH OFFICES
1199 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y.
279 Fulton St., Brooklyn.
47 North Eighth St., Philadelphia.
43 North Charles St., Baltimore.
Dye, Clean, and *Refinish* Dress Goods and Garments. *Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c., of all fabrics,* and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully *without ripping.*
Gentlemen's Garments *cleaned or dyed whole.*
Curtains, Window-Shades, Table-Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed. Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods. Correspondence invited.
Goods received and returned by express and by mail.
BARRETT NEPHEWS & CO.,
5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

GRAPE MILK
(NON-ALCOHOLIC).
UNFERMENTED SPARKLING GRAPE JUICE.
A. WERNER & CO.

THE ACME LEVER
CUFF BUTTONS
Overcome all trouble with
STIFF CUFFS.
The most convenient, strong, reliable button made.
Ask your Jeweller for them.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.
Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.
TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

"HINTS ON EXPRESSION." Superb Crayon Studies of the Face, Eyes, Mouth, Nose, Ears, in various positions; Hair, Waves, Curls, Backgrounds, etc.; fifty illustrations. The A B C to Portrait Making, directions for self-practice, **Price 25c. 600** copies sold first week. New methods of Drawing and Painting taught by mail; teachers wanted; stamp for catalogue. **EUGENE PEARL, Artist, 23 Union Sq. N. Y.**

FLOOD VIEWS **10 Chromo CARDS.** Accurate sketches of Cincinnati and vicinity during Great Flood 1884, free by mail on receipt of **12 cents.** **Wm. DONALDSON & CO.,** 113 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

SOHMER
PIANOS,
ARE PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.
HIGHEST AWARD CENTENNIAL 1876.
HIGHEST AWARD MONTREAL 1881 and 1882.
149 to 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

B. H. Douglass & Sons' Capsicum Cough Drops

B. H. DOUGLASS & SONS'
B. H. DOUGLASS
CAPSICUM
COUGH DROPS
FOR COUGHS, COLDS & SORE THROATS

(Facsimile of Box, this cut 1-6 size.)
are the result of over **forty years'** experience in compounding cough remedies, and are acknowledged everywhere the **best article ever put on the market for Coughs, Colds and Sore Throats.**
If you cannot obtain them of your druggist, mail **25** cents to Holway, Wright & Rich, 167 Chambers Street, New York, and they will send, postpaid, one package, elegantly put up in New English style box, enameled in beautiful golden colors.

ECZEMA OF SCALP.

Cuticura
A
POSITIVE CURE
for every form of
SKIN & BLOOD DISEASE.
FROM
PIMPLES to SCROFULA

ITCHING, Scaly, Pimply, Scrofulous, Inherited, Contagious, and Copper-colored Diseases of the Blood, Skin, and Scalp, with loss of Hair, are positively cured by the Cuticura Remedies.
Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and removes the cause.
Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.
Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from Cuticura, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.
Cuticura Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.
Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.
☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PAINTS
STRICTLY PURE
LEAD, ZINC AND OIL.
NO CHEMICAL SOLUTION USED.
READY FOR USE.
OLIVES, TERRA COTTAS, AND ALL THE LATEST FASHIONABLE SHADES FOR
CITY, COUNTRY OR SEASIDE.
Warranted Durable and Permanent. Descriptive Lists showing **32 Actual Shades sent** on application, with Prices.
BILLINGS, TAYLOR & CO.
105 John Street, NEW YORK CITY. Foot of Case Avenue, CLEVELAND, O.

The Best in the World.
RACINE BOATS
AND
CANOES.
THOMAS KANE & CO.,
137 and 139 Wabash Ave., Chicago.
Send for Catalogue and Price-List.

LOOK! LOOK!!
SOMETHING THAT WILL AMUSE EVERY ONE.
A Reliable Barometer for 4c. It is very amusing as well as instructive to watch the Barometer change color itself from *red,* if rain, to *blue,* if fair weather is indicated. It is a handsome ornament for any room, and will prove a great curiosity to all who see it. Sent to any address upon receipt of two 2c. stamps.
SAFOLINE CO., 63 Union, St., Boston, Mass.

AUTOMATIC
HAMMERLESS
GUN

Safest, Simplest and Best Gun in the world. Ask your dealer to show them to you. Made by HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON, Worcester, Mass. Also manufacturers of American Double Action Revolver.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

"TRIX" BREATH PERFUME 5 & 10 CTS ALL DRUGGISTS

50 NEW all gold, motto & hand Chromo Cards no 2 alike, name on, 10 cents, 13 packs, $1.00. Agent's sample book, 25c. L. JONES & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,

Have Just Published:

I.

The Conquest of England.

By John Richard Green, M.A., LL.D., Author of "A Short History of the English People," "History of the English People," "The Making of England," &c. With a Steel Portrait and Maps. 8vo, Cloth, $2.50.

II.

The Hessians in the Revolution.

The Hessians and the other German Auxiliaries of Great Britain in the Revolutionary War. By Edward J. Lowell. Maps and Plans. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

III.

The Queen's New Book.

MORE LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS, from 1862 to 1882. No. 366 in *Harper's Franklin Square Library.* 4to, Paper, 15 cents.

Pocket Edition, with Portraits and Illustrations, 16mo, Paper, 20 cents.

IV.

A Short History of Our Own Times.

A Short History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. By Justin McCarthy, M.P., Author of "A History of Our Own Times," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50. 4to, Paper, 25 cents.

V.

Troja. By Dr. Schliemann.

Troja. Results of the Latest Researches and Discoveries on the Site of Homer's Troy, and in the Heroic Tumuli and other Sites, made in the Year 1882, and a Narrative of a Journey in the Troad in 1881. By Henry Schliemann, LL.D., Author of "Ilios," &c. Preface by Professor A. H. Sayce. With 150 Woodcuts and 4 Maps and Plans. 8vo, Cloth, $7.50.

VI.

Physical and Moral Law.

On the Difference between Physical and Moral Law. By W. Arthur, D.D., Author of "The Tongue of Fire." 12mo, Cloth, $1.00.

VII.

Old Mark Langston.

A Tale of Duke's Creek. By Richard Malcolm Johnston. 16mo, Cloth, $1.00.

VIII.

Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.

The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. By his Son, the Earl of Lytton ("Owen Meredith"). Volume I. (containing Vols. I. and II. of the English Edition). Illustrated by Six Portraits, Eleven Wood Engravings, and Six Fac-similes of MSS., &c., &c. 12mo, Cloth, $2.75.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Red Riding-Hood. By F. E. M. Notley. 20 cents.

Pretty Miss Neville. By B. M. Croker. 20 cents.

The New Abelard. By Robert Buchanan. 15 cents.

Susan Drummond. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. 20 cents.

Little Loo. By W. Clark Russell. 20 cents.

Hester. By Mrs. Oliphant. 20 cents.

One False, Both Fair. By John B. Harwood. 20 cts.

The Canon's Ward. By James Payn. Illustrated. 20 cents.

The Bread-Winners. A Social Study. $1.00.

The Millionaire. 20 cents.

☞ *Harper & Brothers will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ *Harper's Catalogue mailed free on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

WANTED.—An Old-established Grain Agent in Bremen is open to represent an American Export-house for the sale of Mixed Maize, Rye, and Wheat. Highest references. Address "GRAIN," care of Annoncen-Bureau von Wilh. Scheller, Bremen.

A Safeguard.

The fatal rapidity with which slight **Colds** and **Coughs** frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a household remedy, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Nothing else gives such immediate relief and works so sure a cure in all affections of this class. That eminent physician, Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Me., says:—

"Medical science has produced no other anodyne expectorant so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is invaluable for diseases of the throat and lungs."

The same opinion is expressed by the well-known Dr. L. J. Addison, of Chicago, Ill., who says:—

"I have never found, in thirty-five years of continuous study and practice of medicine, any preparation of so great value as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, for treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs. It not only breaks up colds and cures severe coughs, but is more effective than anything else in relieving even the most serious **bronchial** and **pulmonary** affections."

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral

Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is to-day saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has once been introduced where its use has ever been abandoned, and there is not a person who has ever given it a proper trial for any throat or lung disease susceptible of cure, who has not been made well by it.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has, in numberless instances, cured obstinate cases of chronic **Bronchitis, Larnygitis,** and even acute **Pneumonia,** and has saved many patients in the earlier stages of **Pulmonary Consumption.** It is a medicine that only requires to be taken in small doses, is pleasant to the taste, and is needed in every house where there are children, as there is nothing so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of **Croup** and **Whooping Cough.**

These are all plain facts, which can be verified by anybody, and should be remembered by everybody.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists.

TRIBUNE ALMANAC
For 1884.

A TARIFF NUMBER.

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC is *the standard book of political reference.*

The ALMANAC for 1884, just out, gives the official vote of the elections in 1883, and, in addition, of two or three of the more important other elections in each State for three or four years past. In the political work of 1884, these tables will be of much use. The ALMANAC also gives the party platforms of 1883, and abstracts of all the many important laws passed by Congress, and a vast amount of general information about foreign trade, railroads, government offices, postal rates, etc., of the kind that every thinking man has occasion to refer to many times every year.

The ALMANAC for 1884 is particularly strong on tariff matters. Twenty pages are devoted to a capital tabular statement, showing in the clearest and most direct manner possible the present rate of duty on every article imported, the old rate, and the one advised by the Tariff Commission. It also gives the amount of each kind of goods imported, and the duty collected on each. There is great need of some clear, exhaustive, and handy statement of the tariff, like this.

To the political student THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC will be indispensable. It is among the very best of the several hundred issued every year. Price 30 cents; five copies for a dollar.

THE TRIBUNE, NEW YORK.

THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE.

By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

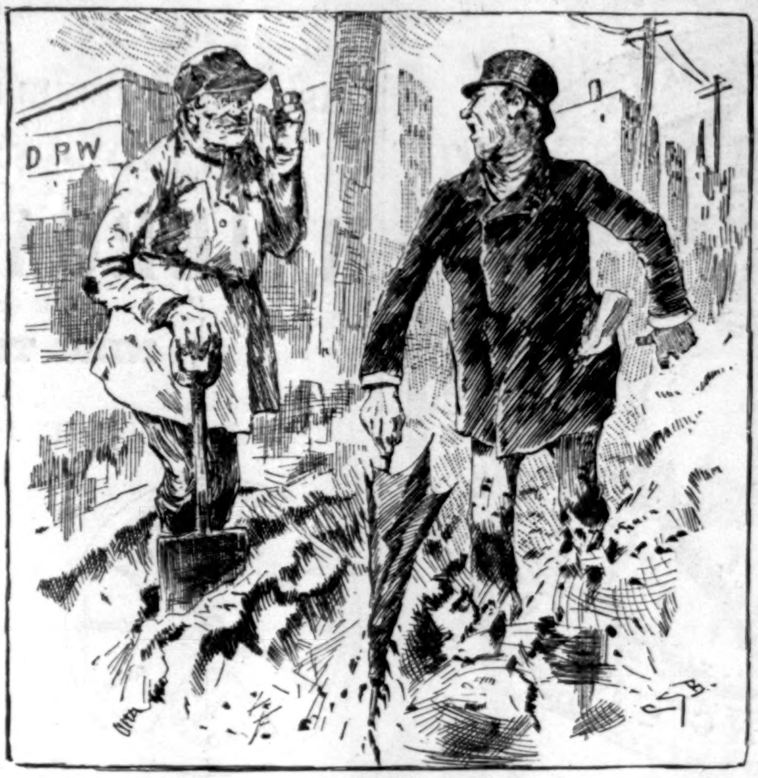
The Mikado's Empire. Book I. History of Japan, from 660 B.C. to 1872 A.D. Book II. Personal Experiences, Observations, and Studies in Japan, 1870–1874. By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, A.M., late of the Imperial University of Tōkiō, Japan. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $4.00.

It is seldom that a remote history is made so readable, and no common merit and facilities have been engaged in the moulding and linking of the chapters. Fascinating as a fairy tale is the historical portion of the work. One is led irresistibly from chapter to chapter, informed by facts and pleased with myths, from which the facts have sprung, until the history of Japan, so long unknown, becomes an unriddled enigma, thanks to one whose residence and popularity among the people have served to yield us this authentic story.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The most comprehensive as well as the most reliable work upon Japan thus far written.—*Boston Transcript.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*



A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.

INDIGNANT CITIZEN (*crossing an uptown highway*). "Say, where's the crossing? What are you paid for doing—'repairing and regulating' what?"

D. P. W. EMPLOYÉ (*not under contract*). "Mud, an' the jimicrathic party, your honor."

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. It insures health and **natural** sleep, without **morphine.**

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
'Tis Castoria.

When babies fret and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion,
But Castoria.

Farewell then to Morphine Syrups,
Castor Oil and Paregoric, and
Hail Castoria!

CENTAUR LINIMENT—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.

SIBLEY'S TESTED SEEDS.

FOR ALL CLIMATES, FOR ALL SOILS, ALL PLANTS.

All tested for vitality, and in Gardens for purity and value.

AT LOWEST PRICES.

THE BEST FOR AMATEUR GARDENERS, AND FOR COUNTRY PLACES.

CATALOGUE AND PRICE-LIST of Vegetable, Flower, and Field Seeds of all Tested Valuable Varieties, FREE, on Application.

Mail Orders promptly filled. SEND FOR THE CATALOGUE.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO., Rochester, N. Y., Chicago, Ill.

Peter Henderson & Co's COLLECTION OF SEEDS AND PLANTS

embraces every desirable Novelty of the season, as well as all standard kinds. A special feature for 1884 is, that you can for **$5.00** select **Seeds** or **Plants** to that value from their Catalogue, and have included, without charge, a copy of Peter Henderson's New Book, **"Garden and Farm Topics,"** a work of 250 pages, handsomely bound in cloth, and containing a steel portrait of the author. The price of the book alone is $1.50. **Catalogue** of **"Everything for the Garden,"** giving details, free on application.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. SEEDSMEN & FLORISTS, 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., New York.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S
BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING

ROSES

The only establishment making a SPECIAL BUSINESS of ROSES. 60 LARGE HOUSES for ROSES alone. We GIVE AWAY, in Premiums and Extras, more ROSES than most establishments grow. Strong Pot Plants suitable for immediate bloom delivered safely, postpaid, to any post-office. 5 splendid varieties, your choice, all labeled, for $1; 12 for $2; 19 for $3; 26 for $4; 35 for $5; 75 for $10; 100 for $13. Our NEW GUIDE, *a complete Treatise on the Rose, 70 pp. elegantly illustrated* FREE

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.
Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

SILK 500 varieties elegant SILK for ½ gross package, assorted, for $1. Samples, including our popular Duchesse Check Dress Silks, 12c. N. Y. SILK & SUPPLY CO., 338 Broadway, N. Y. **PATCH WORK**

SHORTHAND INSTITUTE, Ithaca, N. Y. Situations procured; Stenographers supplied, without charge. Standard Type-Writers and supplies. No "Caligraphs." Address W. O. WYCKOFF.

CATARRH.

Nothing so quickly cleanses the head and purifies the breath as the Norwegian Balm. Trial lot, for a week's use, by mail for ten cents. Illustrated pamphlet free. N. B. PHELPS, 111 E. 39th St., New York.

SICK Persons enclosing stamp can obtain our **Oxygen Manual** of 120 pages, containing 4 colored plates, 4 engravings, free, by addressing
DR. PEIRO, 83 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

TAKE NOTICE.

For 50c. (in stamps) 200 Elegant Scrap Pictures. No two alike. F. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

WATCHES.
TIFFANY & CO.,
UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY,

Particularly request attention to their line of low-priced Watches, just completed, which they confidently recommend as the best yet produced for the money. The movements are sound, stem-winding anchors, and are cased in 18-kt. gold in variety of styles.

Each watch is stamped with the name of the house, thereby carrying its guarantee.

Large size, for Gents,	**$75**
Medium size, for "	**65**
Large " " Ladies,	**60**
Small " " "	**50**

Cuts showing sizes and styles of the watches, and patterns of Chains suitable to be worn with them, sent on request.

When writing, please mention *Harper's Weekly.*

Arnold Constable & Co

SPRING DRESS GOODS.

We have now in stock a fine assortment of the Latest Spring Novelties in "Jacquard" Woven Satteens, Printed Diagonals, and Ottomans, Sicilliennes, Plain and Fancy Turquoise, Satteens, Armures, and "Anderson" Zephyr Ginghams, in Checks, Stripes, and Solid Colors. Also, a fine selection of Spring Colorings, in Plain and Fancy Mixtures, in Woollen Dress Goods, &c.

Broadway & 19th st.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	1 50
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

CRAZY PATCHWORK Send to the YALE SILK WORKS New Haven, Ct (*the originators of the Silk Patchwork craze*) for a dollar package of beautiful Silks for Patchwork, 6 packages $5. **Embroidery** Silk, assorted colors **20c.** a package, 6 packages $1

OPIUM AND MORPHINE HABIT DR. H. H. KANE, of the DeQuincey Home, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can cure himself quickly and painlessly. For testimonials and endorsements from eminent medical men, &c., address
H. H. KANE, A.M., M.D., 160 Fulton St., New York City.